The Nation

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The Week

The rejection by the Senate Finance Committee of Senator Hitchcock's proposal to imbed into the tariff bill a graduated tax on manufactures of tobacco, brings to a satisfactory close an incident upon which Attorney-General McReynolds can hardly look back with pleasure. Precisely in what degree he was responsible for this project is uncertain, but it cannot be denied that he permitted it to bear in a greater or less measure the character of an Administration idea. If, as a mere by-product of a tangle growing out of a legal prosecution, the Attorney-General, without express authorization by the President, thought it proper to "suggest" a novel and serious departure in the policy of our revenue laws, he has a very singular conception of the functions of his office; and on the other hand, if he acted with the sanction of the President the Administration was playing with edged tools in a very thoughtless way.

There has been no evidence of any widespread public interest in the newspaper-publicity law, the validity of which was upheld by the Supreme Court last week, and the decision itself will make no great stir. It rests the whole question on the right of Congress to specify the conditions under which newspapers and periodicals shall be admitted to the privileges of second-class mail. The Court specifically dissociates its opinion from the view that Congress could under the Constitution do anything to abridge the freedom of the press. It is obvious, however, that the decision suggests the possibility of using the postal laws in a punitive way, and not only against newspapers. The Court's assertion that it is not to be supposed that Congress would attach any provision to an appropriation bill not strictly germane to it, reads like a bit of elaborate sarcasm. Newspapers have had no objection to furnishing the information now to be required of them. And reputable publications long since ceased to print disguised advertisements. The sole reason for attacking the Constitutionality of the publicity law was that it seemed to contain a dangerous principle. But this the Supreme Court specifically and solemnly denies. It construes the law narrowly as a mere postal regulation, and disclaims any intent, or any right, on the part of Congress to exercise "arbitrary power" over the press.

The one clean-cut and accurately thought-out section of the new banking bill, as thus far outlined, is that which provides for the so-called "regional reserve banks." This section is known to emanate from the Banking and Currency Committee of the House of Representatives, whose chairman and other members have given long and careful study to the problem. The plan evolved is exceedingly interesting; it is entirely conservative in principle, and it presents some definite advantages which the Aldrich plan did not possess. Simply stated, its purpose is to create substantially fifteen or more central banks in the United States, each with its special scope of operation in one of the banking "regions" or "districts" into which the whole country is to be divided. Capital for each of these "regional reserve banks" is to be subscribed by the banks of its district; which will choose the majority of its managing board (the President of the United States to name the minority), will deposit a part of their cash reserve with it, and will be entitled to rediscount, with the central district bank, commercial paper acceptable under the banking law's provisions. These central institutions are presumably to hold deposits only of subsidiary institutions and to lend their own credit only to such institutions.

The Aldrich plan proposed district associations of the sort, geographically distributed in precisely the same way. Each of them was to possess the same power of general supervision over banks in its district as is proposed in the present scheme. But they were merely intermediate cogs in the machinery. They were to be incorporated, but not capitalized; they were to hold no reserve money of other banks; they were to engage in no rediscounting. The largest power in that direction which was to be conferred on such "local associations" was the function of guaranteeing commercial paper presented by a subsidiary bank for rediscount with the national reserve institution. All such functions as issue of notes to individual banks, custodianship of reserves for such banks, and rediscounting of their commercial paper were placed by the Aldrich plan in the hands of the national institution. The difference between this plan and the new proposals is that now the centralizing functions are to be performed by each specified district of the country for itself and through its own central institution—not through a governing board for the whole nation. There is much to say for this change of base. When the Aldrich scheme was under discussion, financial critics pointed to the fact that its chief weakness was lack of adaptability to a country of so great area, and of so widely varied business interests, industrial conditions, and commercial methods, as the United States.

Instead of going to Albania, he is going to Argentina. That hustling people of the southern hemisphere has once more shown its enterprise by obtaining the services of the most eminent efficiency expert of the age. "T. R.—Consulting Engineer to Effete and Growing Civilizations," may yet come to be a familiar business card in the advertising columns. After teaching the Kaiser how to maintain the balance of power in Europe, teaching France how to combat the decline of her population, and teaching England how to rule India and Egypt, it ought to be a simple matter for him to trace out for the Argentinians the lines of their future development in a short course of lectures with stereopticon views. One lecture on how to turn Buenos Ayres into a city beautiful; one lecture on widening the channel of the La Plata; one lecture on the development of the natural resources of Patagonia; and the place of Argentina among the nations will be assured. Perhaps there will be a lecture on running the Trusts, with moving pictures of the Beef Trust, which, we believe, is already comfortably domiciled in Argentina.

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Mayor Gaynor of New York puts forward his claims for renomination. With them this does not seem to be the time to deal seriously. But if the people of the city were of the philosophical, and occasionally cynical, temper of their Mayor, it is easy to imagine the sort of remark they would make on Mr. Gaynor's expressed desire for reëlection. They would say that the love of office surely does exercise a strange fascination over fallible mortals. Jefferson was right: few die and none resign. A man in important public position may complain and groan about its hardships, and protest that he is looking forward to the day when he shall lay down its duties and escape from its ignominies, but when the time comes he is as anxious to hold on as the next fellow. Probably there is something about this in Epictetus. Anyhow, there is force in what Lord Rosebery said: "After a short tenure of high office, the holder almost invariably thinks himself admirably fitted for it." But these politicians come and go, the soul of the city might say if it had a voice, and I keep on my way unmoved by all their fret and fever. When the large forces of its municipal life are truly considered, New York might be justified in borrowing a phrase from Emerson, after the Mayor's pleasing fashion, and say to him: "Why so hot, little man?"

Real progress in penal reform seems to have been a result of the investigation into conditions at the Maryland penitentiary. A year ago the sole purpose of the discipline at the institution was apparently punitive. Now, without weakening this fundamental element, attention is given to the prisoners' improvement. A few days ago, a night school for illiterates was started. Attendance was not compulsory, but every one of the 260 eligibles is reported as being willing to take advantage of the instruction offered. One-third of them are white men, and their teacher is an associate who is serving a sentence for defrauding by means of false bills of lading. His intellectual qualifications for his present task would appear to be sufficient. The inducements to learn to read are rather naïvely stated as being a certain diversion that the process of study affords the prisoner, and the reward of being allowed to read.

Much interest is manifested in all sections of the country in the case of Alexander Scott, the Paterson Socialist editor who has been convicted and sentenced on a charge of inciting "hostility to government." So far as we have observed, the press of the country, with little or no exception, regards the case as involving in a very vital way the right of free speech. There does not appear to have been, in the articles complained of, any incitement to violence. Scott charged the police with wanton brutality; "the police Anarchists," he declared, "not only believe in lawlessness, but they practice it. They don't waste words with workingmen—they simply crack their heads." But so far as we have seen in the reports of the trial, it is not charged either that he proposed that the workingmen should crack the policemen's heads or that in point of fact any such violence occurred as a consequence of his words. He was convicted and sentenced on the basis of a freakish law passed by the New Jersey Legislature after the assassination of McKinley, which made the promotion of "hostility to government" a crime. It remains for the higher courts of New Jersey to decide whether such a law, with such an interpretation as this sentence appears to put upon it, is possible under the Constitution of that State.

Among the latest objects of scrutiny in the revaluation of values—as Nietzsche would call it—which is now under way in so many fields, is the high-salaried man. People have begun to ask whether a fifty-thousand-dollar salary always denotes a corresponding degree of efficiency. The charge has been made that under the fostering care of the tariff our industries have become over-managed and over-salaried. Now the railways are under fire. The 'Frisco receivership has brought up the question whether $75,000 a year for the chairman of the board of directors and proportional salaries for other officials are essential to the careful administration of a railway property. Stockholders in the Chicago Railways have organized a protective association, with economy as its platform. The association declares that a saving of not less than half a million dollars a year in salaries and fees can be effected without detriment to the management of the company. Translated into terms of dividends on stock, it makes a very impressive showing.

At first sight, one-quarter of a goal is so narrow a margin of victory, as polo games are scored, that it seems hardly worth while to look for any definite explanation of the result of Saturday's match. Luck would account for it. Or if a formal reason is demanded, it might be argued that one-quarter of a goal is possibly less than the advantage which the home team always has over the invader. Or in the specific case of the American polo team, it is no more than the natural advantage which a four-man team including three men who have played together for nearly half a dozen years holds over four men who never played together before, which is said to be the case with the English challengers. But all speculations based on a quarter-goal victory are vitiated when the quarter-goal lead is acquired by the same team which in the previous game scored a lead of 2½ goals. In other words, it is not arrant Chauvinism to suppose that, if something more than a quarter of a goal had been necessary to an American victory on Saturday, that extra margin would have been forthcoming. Between two well-matched opponents victory will go to the one with a capacity for something like a religious frenzy. And that is a gift which is peculiarly this nation's when it plays.

Once this national talent for seeing red on the playfield is recognized as a prime factor, we are at liberty to make acknowledgment of such contributory causes as have been mentioned. The record set by the Meadow Brook team is an illustration of how international athletic supremacy frequently moves in cycles, dependent upon the appearance of exceptionally gifted performers in this country or in that. The history of Australasia versus the United States in tennis during the last half-dozen years offers evidence on this point. The Antipodes shot up into tennis prominence with the emergence of remarkable players like A. F. Wilding in 1906 and N. E. Brookes in 1907. In 1906 Australasia took 2 matches to our 3. In 1907 Australasia took 3 matches to our 2. In 1908 it was again 3 to our 2. In 1909 it was 5 to 0 against us, with Maurice Mc-

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Loughlin not yet in the fulness of his powers. In 1911 it was again 5 to 0 against us. Then Wilding and Brookes passed from the scene, and McLoughlin came into his own with the recent result of 4 to 1 against Australasia. Until the present national champion's wrist loses its cunning, there is not much doubt that tennis supremacy will dwell on this side of the Atlantic.

From Northwestern University, plainly seeking to attract students to its doors, comes the estimate that a college education has a value of $25,000. Those who examine the logical and statistical basis of this assertion may wish that Charles T. Crane was still alive, for Mr. Crane could prove conclusively that even graduates of the most practical courses at the State universities lagged behind their comrades in the sort of usefulness measured by dollars and cents. Even those who make no claim to Mr. Crane's mantle must see flaws in the figures. In estimating upon the salary-increase of graduates who got $867 the first five years, and $1,862 the second five, the Northwestern University considered neither the age nor the rate of salary increase of "the average salaried man of Chicago," who receives $1,202 annually. But the really curious thing about these claims of Northwestern, one of the bulwarks of endowed and liberal education beyond the Alleghanies, is not the method of proof. It is the fact that it should consider such a basis of appeal to prospective students worth presenting, except as a pendant to a more intellectual approach.

The germ of specialization may infect too many of our universities, but so long as the Chautauqua assemblies flourish, we shall not lack breadth. Here is ex-Gov. Folk, for example, setting out to address an audience in Birmingham, Ala., on "The Fight for a State." Somewhere in his talk, he does tell what he did to clean up St. Louis, but he is not presenting the results of an investigation to a seminar. He is making a Chautauqua address. And so he touches upon woman suffrage, white slavery, graft, and the future of the republic. No Chautauqua address is complete without a reference to the United States Senate. Unfortunately for the most scintillating rhetoric, that body has allowed itself to undergo a change, but it may still point a moral. It is now a shining illustration of the ancient truth that the world moves, and that, accordingly, we need never despair. All this in the course of a single address would seem the wealth of Golconda to a student who had just listened to the ninth lecture on the sounds of the vowel *a* in Old Norse. When, in addition, we read in the programme of apparently impossible feats of legerdemain and sacred concerts, we feel that we have found the explanation of the admittedly high average of intelligence among us.

The "chaotic" condition of English education has recently been under discussion by Lord Haldane and other members of Parliament. Sir Philip Magnus, M.P. for the University of London, takes a more cheerful view of the existing situation than does Lord Haldane. He admits, however, that two changes are necessary. These are the removal of the grievance of Non-Conformists, and the linking up of elementary with secondary education. By this latter, Sir Philip means something in the way of vocational training. A large number of children between the ages of thirteen and seventeen are seeking employment in "blind alley" occupations, being unprovided with instruction that would enable them to look higher. Not all of this deficiency is to be laid at the door of the school system. Part of it is directly due to the unwillingness of parents to avail themselves of facilities that already exist, such as day and evening continuation schools. The details are relatively unimportant here. What strikes one is Sir Philip's eagerness that progress shall not outrun itself; that portions of the system as it is shall not be lopped off in haste, to be regretted at leisure; and especially, that variety and flexibility shall not be sacrificed to a demand for a "national" system of education. This may well be the ideal for other countries than England.

On Sunday the German Emperor completed the twenty-fifth year of his reign. During the recurrent periods of severe international strain that marked the progress of the recent war in the Balkans, common gossip had it that the Kaiser was ardent in the work of conciliation because his heart was fixed upon rounding out a quarter century of peace on the throne. This is only an easy way of recording the popular impression that the Kaiser of to-day is not the War Lord of as late as half a dozen years ago, whose fervent utterances made for anxiety among the nations. It may very well be that William II was as ardent a friend of peace twenty-five years ago as he is to-day. History must judge him by his acts, and the record stands that his reign has not been marred by war. But the rattling of the sabre is almost as bad for people's nerves as dread war itself, and for a dozen years it is not to be denied that the Kaiser did keep Europe on the anxious seat. Within the last few years, however, there has been a notable change. The fiery phrases, the metaphorically clenched fist, the metaphorically uplifted sword, have disappeared from the day's news. The Kaiser's manner, like his intentions, has grown pacific. His latest appearances before the public have been in the rôle of prudent father to a somewhat impetuous heir-apparent, and of a statesman working zealously in behalf of the maintenance of international peace.

The contest between the aeroplane and the dirigible continues with unabated zeal. As if in direct retort to Count Zeppelin's magnificent flight from Baden to Vienna, comes the astounding performance of a single day's flight by aeroplane from Paris to Warsaw. The mastery of the air thus continues to move forward in spite of temporary discouragements. Just when the future of the Zeppelin seems to be established, comes a catastrophe which raises doubts with regard to its practical efficacy. After a depressingly long list of aeroplane killings, comes a remarkable accomplishment like that of one day last week. As for the progress of aeronautics in warfare, the subject is still in a highly speculative state. Dirigibles were tried out by the Italians in Tripoli and aeroplanes were sent out by the Bulgarians over Adrianople, but the results in both cases seem to have been negligible. Nevertheless, the German War Office is backing its faith in Zeppelin with large appropriations, and the British authorities have recently announced the perfection of a heavier-than-air machine of extraordinary promise.

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THE WIDER POINT OF VIEW.

Gen. Hancock's fatal but, in a sense, absolutely truthful remark in 1880 that the tariff is "a local issue," has had abundant confirmation during the past few weeks. Particularly has the inquiry into the existence of a tariff lobby brought out the fact of the intensely local nature of the demands in regard to separate items in the tariff schedule. We see how a bill for protection necessarily presents the appearance of a grand conglomeration of regional interests. That this invites to bargaining and log-rolling, stands out on its face. You vote for my pet duty and I'll vote for yours. That is the ancient rule of protective-tariff legislation. Every Representative, every Senator, fights eagerly for his own locality. But where does the nation come in? Who speaks for it? Can a broad national policy possibly result from the heaping up and the mixing together of ten thousand parochial claims?

That question has long vexed American statesmen, and in other matters than the tariff. To translate insistent localism into nationalism is enormously difficult. This is clearly revealed by the ins and outs of the tariff discussions at Washington, and especially by the detailed accounts of the activity of the lobby. That word we here use in no offensive sense. Thus far there has been brought out no evidence of the use of corrupt methods. And we should not think of denying the right of any business affected by the impending tariff changes to seek to be heard by Congressional committees, either in the person of its owners and managers or in that of agents. In some cases, the organization and the effort in behalf of certain interests have gone very far, and have entailed great expense. Ex-Gov. Carter, of Hawaii, testified that the sugar-growers of the islands had already raised and spent $100,000 for the purpose of keeping a duty on sugar; and the implication was given that as much as $800,000 would be forthcoming if necessary. That is a large sum, and its outlay would inevitably be open to suspicion. But on that aspect of the matter we do not dwell at present. The sugar-growers are only a striking example of a special interest striving to get a certain thing done, or undone, in a general law. And there are hundreds of others. Mill after mill, town after town, section after section, has its representative or its lawyer or its ex-Congressman button-holing and conferring and pulling and hauling in Washington in order to get a locality taken care of. The country is supposed somehow to get along without being taken care of by anybody in particular.

In fact, however, somebody in particular ought to do it, and, in the present instance, is endeavoring to do it. President Wilson has been, half seriously, accused of being the chief of the lobbyists. No one, alleged Senator Townsend, has brought so much pressure to bear upon Congress, in tariff matters, as has the President of the United States. The charge is evidently one that requires qualification. Senator Simmons, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, issued last week a sort of disclaimer for Mr. Wilson. The latter's activity in tariff legislation, he asserted, has not been nearly so extensive or urgent as had been said. But there is no denial that the President has taken a keen interest in the tariff bill. Two of its outstanding features, free wool and (ultimately) free sugar, were made a part of it at his specific request. And no doubt he has employed his prestige as leader of the party, and his official authority, to obtain the full Democratic support for his distinctive tariff policies. By so much, Mr. Wilson may well plead guilty to the charge of lobbying.

But no one should fail to note the sharp difference between his kind of lobbying and the other. About him there is nothing local. He is not looking to any particular district, and thinking only of the tall chimneys smoking there. If President Wilson is a lobbyist, he is a lobbyist for the nation. He puts himself at the national point of view. If he has any constituency in mind, it is that of the great body of the people who have no special interest and no special spokesman at Washington. Mr. Wilson makes himself their spokesman. In working out a plan for tariff reduction which shall contain at least a few benefits for the consuming masses, he necessarily separates himself from the clamor and urgings of this local industry and that special business, and seeks to think and act in a national sense and spirit. We do not maintain that he is absolutely right in every detail. But we do insist that his general attitude is correct and praiseworthy.

Somebody surely has to do this. It was the ideal of Daniel Webster that Congressmen should divest themselves of purely local prepossessions and selfishnesses, and legislate as if they personally represented the entire country. Webster himself was not always able to live up to this. And the power of localism in Congress has not declined since his day—not, at least, in tariff matters. But if Webster's idea is to be restored and vivified, who is more clearly indicated as the man to do it than the President of the United States? In him, if in anybody, the voice of the nation can make itself heard. And President Wilson leaves no doubt of his determination to speak in all the great affairs that come before him, not for a class or a region, but for all the people and the whole land.

ORATORY AND THE NEW HOUSE.

Two months' trial of the new arrangement in the House of Representatives may be an unsafe basis for prophecy, but, if current signs are to be trusted, the present method of seating seems likely to reduce the quantity and improve the quality of discussion. In the old days, if the seat of the debater lay pretty well back in the hall, enough members would wheel about in their swivel chairs and face him to create at least the impression of a willing audience. Now that there are no swivel chairs, and listeners have to risk dislocating their spines in order to face a speaker whose seat is behind them, it is necessary for one who would look his hearers in the eye to proceed to the arena, or open space in front of the Clerk's desk, much as a Deputy addresses the French Chamber from the Tribune.

The man who is compelled to do this is apt to give a little real study to his theme. It is one thing to take the chances of a sporadic and scattered fire of comments or questions from the floor, but quite another to face a compact battery as an orator must who goes down into the arena to speak. There he is in the focus of all eyes instead of an object of passing curiosity for a few. Those of his colleagues who are inclined to criticism or ridicule are encouraged in the impulse, as a group

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of marksmen are inspired by an inviting target set directly within range of their guns. Unless his logic is sound and his conclusions well grounded, his opponents soon make a rather sorry spectacle of him.

There is a phase of the psychology of eloquence which should be illustrated under the new seating arrangement. One orator is at his best when he is in the centre of his audience, addressing them on the same level; another is at a marked disadvantage unless he is on a platform, exhorting from above down. The late William L. Wilson, by all odds the most briliant debater the House knew in his era, was of the first-mentioned type; William J. Bryan is a notable example of the second. Though Wilson addressed the chair formally from his seat as the rules required, he would pace the nearest aisle back and forth while he was in the full flood of an appeal to reason, and no one on the same floor with him—not even his best intrenched adversaries—escaped the fascination of his personality so close at hand, although he was of anything but commanding stature and not at all robust of frame or lungs. But while his reputation in the House was at its highest, he was called to preside over the Democratic National Convention of 1892; thousands of persons fought their way into the hall for the sole purpose of hearing this modern "Little Giant," only to express their bitter disappointment after the event. Perched aloft, far removed from contact with the crowd which always fired him, he seemed utterly out of his element. It was not simply that his voice was almost inaudible, but he was emotionally distracted by his own sense of ineffectiveness, and his carefully prepared "keynote speech" went for naught except to the extent that the general public read it afterward in the newspapers.

Bryan, on the other hand, while he was in the House and accustomed to speak from the midst of a multitude, was ranked as an elocutionist rather than as an orator. It was not till his "cross of gold" speech in 1896 that his full powers were recognized; and that deliverance was made from the stage of the Coliseum in Chicago, where, with the cultivated instinct of the preacher, he was hammering his ideas into his audience from above. Roosevelt is a speaker of the Bryan type, who does far better from a raised place whence he can talk down to his hearers than from a lower plane in the middle of a mass of men. One of the few living orators of note who are able to do equally well in either relation to an audience is Bourke Cockran, although his manner of address differs according to the position in which he stands.

We may look, therefore, for a period of "trying out" for the old orators as well as for the new benches. The arena of the House has some of the characteristics which commend a platform to a certain class of speakers—more especially those who are didactic rather than argumentative in style—but has the disadvantage of being a little lower instead of higher than the rows of seats in front of it. But in so far as its situation is likely to make a speaker feel that he owes a serious discussion to his fellows and not a mere stream of words set running to consume a specified number of minutes, its effect on debate can hardly fail to mean a distinct improvement in the larger issues of the House.

WHERE ARE THE NEW NATIONALISTS?

Almost all phases of political opinion have received expression, from one spokesman or another, since the Supreme Court's decision of the Minnesota railway rate cases. Ex-President Taft has made public his view of the meaning of the decision, and tells how it should be followed up by Congressional action. Democratic and Republican leaders have been interviewed. The newspapers of the two parties have spoken their mind. But from one quarter we have had nothing but silence, and, as the Irish judge said, precious little of that. We refer, of course, to the Progressives, who were born New Nationalists. Far be it from us to urge them to speak when they choose to be silent. Taciturnity is so rare on their part as to be especially grateful. Yet we cannot refrain from wondering how they can possibly keep still when so sharp a challenge has come, through this Supreme Court decision, to one of their pet doctrines, and also what would seem to be such a fine opportunity to rise and assert their principles and announce their purpose to fight for them.

We say this, because no one who has read the Osawatomie speech of 1910, or the "Charter of Democracy" and the "Address" to the National Progressive party at Chicago, can have forgotten that one of the great tenets of the New Nationalist faith is the sweeping assertion of Federal power in the regulation of the railways and all other corporations engaged in interstate commerce. Again and again has Col. Roosevelt lashed out impatiently at the contention that the States could do anything worth while in such regulation. The nation must take hold of it. To leave it to the States was only a suggestion of the bosses or the wicked interests. "Interstate commerce," he asserted at Chicago, "can be effectively controlled only by the nation." And he railed at the platform of the Baltimore Convention as demanding, in effect, that a "futile attempt" be made "for the States and national Government to exercise forty-nine sovereign and conflicting authorities." For this Col. Roosevelt had nothing but contempt, as being merely "an archaic construction of the States' rights doctrine," and really a "most flagrant violation of the Constitution." Citations like these could easily be multiplied.

Well, the question has now emerged from judicial arbitrament. The highest court has held that the nation might, through act of Congress, assert and exercise full power over railways engaged in interstate commerce, forbidding the States to meddle with such corporations at all, but that, in fact, it has not done so. Failing such national action, the States have large regulatory powers. Far from being in flagrant violation of the Constitution, they are in accord with it, so the Supreme Court decides. Minnesota has, at present, the right to compel even interstate roads doing business within the State to submit to regulation of their service and their rates, provided that the result be not confiscatory. And as everybody knows, other States are rapidly developing, through Railroad Commissions, Public Utilities Commissions, and other bodies, a higher and more effective control of railway activities within their borders. It is one of the marked administrative developments of the day. That it is Constitutional the Supreme Court decides. Whether this decision was right or wrong, whether it will be followed by evil consequences or by good, it is not

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necessary here to discuss. Our sole intent at present is to call attention to the way in which one of the central doctrines of the New Nationalism has been hamstrung by the Supreme Court, and yet the New Nationalists are silent!

What a splendid chance they would have to reinforce their demand for the recall of judges, or, at least, of judicial decisions! We could almost write the familiar clarion sentences ourselves, dwelling upon the absurdity of allowing fossilized minds to keep alive dead theories and enforce flint-lock legislation upon a machine-gun age. In addition to this, how appealing is the opportunity laid before the New Nationalists to come forward as the champions of exclusive Federal control of the railways! The Supreme Court set that open door before them. It pointed out that a great extension of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission was possible, if only Congress chose to make it. What more natural, then, what more inviting, than for the Progressive New Nationalists to leap into the breach? They could take up the cause as their own. They could set on foot a movement to induce Congress to proceed to obliterate the powers of State Railway Commissions, and concentrate all governmental control in Federal hands. Why do they not at once do this?

Alas, we very much fear that they are pausing in order to consider the political expediency of such a course. They note the canvass of sentiment on the subject in Washington. They read that there is absolutely no hope of obtaining any action by Congress against the States. And the reason for this is not far to seek. The States are pretty well satisfied with things as they are. They like the effect and promise of their own local control of the railways for local benefit. What Minnesota Representative or Senator would have a chance of re-election if he were to come out for a law undoing what the State has done, and what the Supreme Court has decided could lawfully be done? The truth is that another Progressive principle is evidently at work. This is the right of the people to rule—to have what they desire. Just now, they wish the States to keep and even extend such a power to regulate the railways as they actually possess. Any man or any party proposing to take it away from them would fare badly at their hands. If the Progressives tried it on in the very States where they are strongest, they would be left even a worse third at the polls. This is, we believe, the true explanation of the New Nationalist silence, though under such great provocation to speech.

THE THRUST BEHIND PARTIES.

The troubles through which the Liberal party in England is just now passing are suggestive of some of the difficulties—as well as opportunities—which everywhere confront government by party. We do not refer here to the Marconi and other scandals which are embarrassing Mr. Asquith's Ministry. These are more an excuse for attack than a reason for condemning or overthrowing. But real concern is undoubtedly felt by many Liberal leaders and large numbers of their followers over the condition of staleness into which their party seems to have fallen. It has been seven years in power. During that period it has had many notable struggles and victories. The list of legislative measures to which it can point is long. Yet somehow all this is now, as it were, discounted by the English public. Old-age pensions, a minimum wage in certain industries, workingmen's insurance against sickness or lack of employment—yes, yes, the electors say, these things are all very well in their way, but what are you doing now, what do you propose to do next year?

That this vague feeling of dissatisfaction has penetrated the Cabinet itself is clearly shown by a speech of the Solicitor-General, Sir John Simon, at Oxford a couple of weeks ago. He made it just after the Liberals had suffered what amounted to two defeats in bye-elections, at Newmarket and at Altrincham. But it was the duty of the party, argued the Solicitor-General, to take such reverses as the signal for renewed aggressiveness; and he went on to outline, in what must be at least a semi-official way, the forward policy to be pursued. He said:

> It ought to be the essence of the Liberal temper that it takes more interest in the future than in the past, and, moreover, the very fact of advance is sure to provoke some resentment. But, if we lose an outpost at Newmarket, and are repulsed in an attack on Altrincham, we must reply by an advance all along the line. And it must be a prompt advance and a bold advance. Do not let us be unduly disturbed by timorous doubters, who always regard every fresh step as a leap in the dark, and who discover in every street corner a parting of the ways. The courage and determination of the Liberal army were never more keen. We are magnificently led by our incomparable generals. We are anxiously awaiting the order to go forward. It is the peculiar glory of Liberalism that the successful application of its principles in one field only paves the way for advance to the next. The great twin brethren of free trade, Cobden and Bright—as Mr. Trevelyan reminds us in the new biography we are so eagerly reading—never regarded their principles as limited to the freeing of industry and commerce. They looked forward to the day when a similar crusade for economic independence and the abolition of arbitrary restrictions would be preached and fought for the land.

Of this programme itself, it will be time enough to speak when we see its details. They have only been hinted at in the speeches of Lloyd George. A radical land policy might, indeed, be made a rallying cry for advanced Liberals, and a few Conservatives with the whole of the Labor party could be drawn to its support; but it is plain that it would repel Liberals of the Whig school. All these things, however, are yet on the lap of the gods. The thing of present interest is the visible demonstration that parties cannot stand still. They are pushed on by forces too mighty for them. What they have done is regarded as only an earnest of what they are bound to do in the future. A programme carried out is necessarily a programme to be discarded, and a new one must be devised.

It is altogether likely that our own parties will soon be showing that they are subject to this inexorable law of politics, as it seems to be. Particularly will the Democratic party be apt to be put in a position, after another year, where it must indicate certain lines of a forward policy. Its first work was inevitably that of fulfilling the promise of putting through the long-delayed reduction of the tariff. If, in addition, it should be able to write on the statute-book a law greatly improving our currency and banking system, the achievement would undoubtedly be noteworthy and gratifying. But the party would be deceived if it thought that after that it could rest on its oars. Tariff revision; currency reform, would speedily be discounted, just as is the work of the Liberal party in England. Political accomplishment of that kind ranks with what the moralists call negative virtues.

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If you have them not you are disgraced, but if you have them, they are of no particular credit to you. If the Democrats did not revise the tariff and do something for rational banking, they would be regarded as cumberers of the ground, and would be kicked out of office; yet doing those things will not suffice to keep them in office. Such large projects of social reform as President Wilson touched upon with so much eloquence in his Inaugural will before long press for consideration; and the right choice among them, with the proper means and methods of embodying them in legislation, will have much to do with the future of the Democratic party.

In such circumstances of unstable party equilibrium, the responsibility resting upon a political leader is very great. If he is an honest man and a true patriot, he will be all the time asking himself, not what will be a taking party cry in the elections, but what will be a sound policy for his country. He will seek to discriminate between winning a party victory at the polls and causing the principles of his party to triumph. What the demagogue will do, we know. Plato has described him to us as one who thinks of the public only as a wild beast whose ravenous demands must instantly be satisfied. But it is for the statesman, with a mind and a constancy above the clamors *civium jubentium*, to discover in the confused disquietude and aspirations of the day the opportunity to take occasion by the hand and guide his party and his people into a liberty which shall be at once broader and more secure.

IS LIFE BECOMING A FLATLAND?

When Burke declared that he did not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people, he was speaking as a statesman, he was discussing a question of governmental policy. As a leader of political thought, as a critic of the events and currents of his time, he did not hesitate to draw up the most sweeping indictments not only of a whole nation, but of a whole generation. It is a proceeding full of hazard. Few generalizations about mankind are more than half-truths; and those in which men in middle or advanced life indulge when they compare the newer world round them with that of which they cherish the remembrance or the tradition are peculiarly liable to this defect. But while there are half-truths that are worthless, or worse than worthless, there are half-truths that are of great value. On some subjects it is almost impossible to put forward effectively a sharply marked and keenly felt judgment except in the form of a half-truth.

What President Butler, in his Commencement address, said of certain tendencies that seem dominant in our time appears to us to fall into this category. To charge the present age with want of thoroughness smacks almost of the paradoxical; the intense discipline that is involved not only in the pursuit of the exact sciences in their present state of development, but in the perfection of the mechanical arts and in the high organization of industrial production and of business management, comes to mind at once. Is it possible that with all this intensity of effort directed to special ends, we are guilty of a certain want of depth, or thoroughness, in relation to the larger concerns of life and thought? "Sound and disciplined thinking," says President Butler, "is hard to sustain in an atmosphere filled with the snapping sparks of rapidly following emotional outbursts; . . . absorption in current topics (which to-morrow may be neither current nor topics) leaves no place for the genuine study of that history and that literature which have withstood Horace's *tempus edax rerum*. Every ruling tendency is to make life a Flatland, an affair of two dimensions, with no depth, no background, no permanent root." Few will subscribe to this statement as a literal truth; but many will see in it the broad indication of a real defect of our time, and more might ponder with profit the question which it raises.

Evidences of a certain lack of instinctive feeling for the deep-going nature of the largest things of life are to be found in many directions, but perhaps nowhere more strikingly than in connection with reformatory agitations affecting the most intimate concerns of personal life. Men of serious character and of high standing as scientific specialists propose measures of regulation and control of the right to marry, apparently without any consciousness of the profound disturbance of ideas lying at the very base of human life and character which their proposals involve; and in some instances Legislatures have passed laws, not indeed of such far-reaching character, but yet of most serious import and pointing in that direction, with little more sense of the gravity of what they were attempting than if it were the granting of a franchise or the levying of a tax. Like phenomena are seen in the field of politics. Ohio, for example, might very possibly have decided in favor of the sweeping and radical changes embodied in her new Constitution, even if the questions involved had been discussed with the utmost deliberation and thoroughness; but as a matter of fact they were not so discussed. Indeed, if one wishes to find confirmation of President Butler's view, one has but to look up Lincoln's speeches, with their close and patient reasoning, their persistent grappling with the exact facts of the Constitutional and political situation, and contrast their style and method with anything that in these latter days is addressed to general audiences on any subject of controversy.

To recognize this tendency "to make life a Flatland" is not necessarily to write one's self down a hopeless reactionary, buried in things of the past. If this defect of the time is part of the price paid for an awakening to social needs, to the claims of the great unfavored masses, such as the world has probably never before witnessed, one may note it as a thing to be deplored, while granting that the gain far outweighs the loss. And it is for the representatives of university ideals, above all, to speak out in this matter. They still have their old duty to perform, however much it may be overlaid with the new duties which in recent years have been so urgently pressed upon them. And in a long view it may be found that that old duty is still of greatest moment not only to the intellectual elect, but to the whole world of men.

The forces that make for social betterment, for the assertion of the claims of the masses, for the improvement of governmental ideals and governmental methods, have a sweep so mighty, and draw upon resources so inexhaustible, that, in helping them on, the universities play an honorable part in a work great indeed, but a work which would go on whether with their help or without it. But to that element in life in which

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the higher interests of the intellect are supreme, to the keeping alive of ideals of distinction and aspiration and achievement which make life something else than a Flatland, the universities are called to contribute something the absence of which would be calamitous to the whole world. It is not of any class, but of all humanity, that it is written that man does not live by bread alone.

THE POET LAUREATESHIP.

LONDON, June 6.

It seems a pity that the vacancy has occurred in summer. To discuss the claims of possible candidates would have been such an entertaining and edifying pastime for the long winter evenings. The competition might even have suggested an idea for a new card game. Only four days have passed since Alfred Austin's death, and already seventeen names, at least, have been mentioned for the succession. The entries for the poetical Derby include writers as diverse as Rudyard Kipling and Austin Dobson, Mrs. Meynell and John Masefield, Thomas Hardy and Richard Le Gallienne. It may be as well to complete the list while one is about it. The other names put forward are those of William Watson, Stephen Phillips, Alfred Noyes, Henry Newbolt, Robert Bridges, W. B. Yeats, Maurice Hewlett, Arthur Symons, Laurence Binyon, Alfred E. Housman, and W. H. Davies, the "super-tramp." If any reader of contemporary verse cannot find here a favorite to back, his tastes must be eccentric indeed.

Several of these press nominées are disqualified, however, for one reason or another, before the race begins. Kipling, for instance, is such a violent Tory partisan in politics that his appointment by a Liberal Government is almost unthinkable. In the case of others a difficulty arises from the incompatibility of their Muse with the associations of Buckingham Palace. For the Laureateship is not so much a national office as a court post. There is what the *Daily Chronicle* calls "a serving-man flavor" about it. If you look for it in *Whitaker's Almanack*, you may search in vain through the academic and literary sections of the book. It is not to be found even among the knighthoods and orders. You must turn to the section "His Majesty's Household" and the subsection "The Lord Chamberlain's Department." After discovering who are the lords in waiting, the grooms in waiting, the extra grooms in waiting, and the gentleman ushers, you will arrive at this:

Gentleman Usher of Black Rod, Admiral Sir Henry F. Stephenson, G.C.V.O., K.C.B.
Poet Laureate, Alfred Austin.
Surveyor of the King's Pictures and Works of Art, Lionel Henry Cust, M.V.O.
Keeper of the King's Armory, Guy Francis Laking, M.V.O.

And so the roll of honor continues, with the grooms of the great chamber, the keeper of the swans, the page of the chambers, the pages of the presence, the pages of the back stairs, etc., until it winds up with the leader of the music. It takes one back to the time when Fanny Burney thought herself lucky to be appointed second keeper of the robes to Queen Charlotte.

It would be absurd, of course, to describe the Laureate as a mere magnified lackey. He is not even expected nowadays, as some occupants of the post were, to celebrate every royal marriage or birth in an obsequious ode. Still the requirement of being able to sing in buckles and knee breeches is a distinct handicap to a modern man of genius. It mattered little to Tennyson. Whitman's description of him as a "feudal" poet was perhaps an exaggeration, but at any rate his whole method of thought was in harmony with the environment of the palace, and there was no touch of insincerity when he celebrated in his poetry the virtues of the Prince Consort. Today there is no one of Tennyson's rank as a writer who could bring himself without painful effort to utter such sentiments as those in the dedication of the "Idylls of the King." The real problem of filling the present vacancy is that our inspired poets are too inspired to fit the post, whereas the lesser sort would only accentuate the difference between a court functionary and a prophet of the national life and character. Alfred Austin had genuine literary merits, but it would have been better for his ultimate reputation if he had been content with the comparative obscurity of a minor poet. As the *Manchester Guardian* has put it, the pedestal on which Lord Salisbury set him became inevitably a pillory.

Strong support, therefore, is given to the proposal that the Laureateship should be recognized as an anachronism, and that advantage should be taken of the present opportunity to abolish it. It could hardly have been brought to an end at Tennyson's death without a general sense of loss, but Alfred Austin's tenure of it has meant so little that no one would now seriously miss it. This very fact, however, is also used as an argument on the opposite side. A well-known literary critic is distressed at the thought that an office which has been held by Jonson and Dryden, by Wordsworth and Tennyson, should end "in mere eclipse." If it lapses at all, it should be "in a blaze of glory." There are some, too, who think the present a singularly inappropriate time for its abandonment, in view of the hopeful outlook for a serious poetic revival. It would be a great mistake, in their opinion, for poetry to be shorn just now of its most conspicuous public acknowledgment.

Accordingly, another suggestion is that the Laureateship should be continued, but should be removed from the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain and made truly national. The Laureate of the future, instead of watching the domestic history of the reigning sovereign, would derive his poetic impulses from the varying fortunes of John Bull. But here, again, there are practical difficulties. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." How are you going to insure that the divine afflatus shall always set in the same quarter as the gusts of popular feeling? The recollection of William Watson's indignant sonnets on England's desertion of the Armenians or of William Vaughn Moody's lines "On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines" is enough to remind us that the poet has sometimes had it laid upon his conscience to remonstrate with "his sinning land where she stumbled and sinned in the dark." And, after all, what real benefit does either literature or the nation gain from the setting apart of an official poet? It would be just as reasonable to "retain" a national sculptor, or a national painter, or a national architect, or a national musician.

It is unnecessary to record all the other various proposals for dealing with this perplexing post. Space should be found, however, for mention of the suggestion made sarcastically by S. L. Hughes, one of the wags of the House of Commons. Why not, he asks, revive the now extinct office of court jester and combine it with that of the Poet Laureate? Why not, indeed? "There have been occasions," Mr. Hughes points out, "when the Poet Laureate of the day has added much to the gayety of the nation." It is surely time that conscious humor had its turn. The reconstitution of the post on these lines would at least enable the nation to express its gratitude for the wholesome exhilaration it receives every Wednesday from the witty and scholarly Owen Seaman.

H. W. H.

THE NATURALIZATION OF JAPANESE.

TOKIO, May 25.

When Percival Lowell remarks in "Occult Japan" that the lack of originality of the Japanese is very striking, and the decorous demeanor of the whole nation betrays the lack of mental activity beneath, he meant that the Japanese are materialistic; and this point has been strengthened by many other writers. Walter Denings, of unrivalled wealth in Japanese acquaintance, says somewhere:

The lack of idealism in the Japanese

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mind renders the life of even the most cultivated a mechanical, humdrum affair, when compared with that of Westerners. The Japanese cannot understand why our controversialists should wax so fervent over psychological, ethical, religious, and philosophical questions, failing to perceive that their fervency is only the result of the intense interest taken in such subjects. The charms that the cultured Western mind finds in the world of fancy and romance, in questions themselves, irrespective of their practical bearings, is for the most part unintelligible to the Japanese.

This lack of idealism is founded on the general lack of imagination of the Japanese mind. It is wrong, let me speak as a Japanese, that we have often been written up in the West as a most imaginative people by irresponsible writers whose little Japanese knowledge made them write much. Lafcadio Hearn, whose literary impulse often struck the very truth of a matter, singular enough, through the magic of its being half-truthful, remarks in one of his letters:

> In Japan the law of life is not as it is with us—that each one strives to expand his own individuality at the expense of his neighbor's. But on the other hand, how much one loses! Never a fine inspiration, a deep emotion, a profound joy or a profound pain—never a thrill, or, as the French say so much better than we, a *frisson*. So literary work is dry, bony, hard, dead work here.

Now, how did we Japanese happen to become so materialistic, unimaginative, and unemotional? The whole blame, if blame somebody we must, should go, first of all, to Confucius, whose ethical teaching almost killed our original Japanese passion and feeling; even Buddhism appealed to us from its materialistic expression rather than its spiritual speculation. (Therefore, our Japanese Buddhism is not the Indian Buddhism.) The fact of our being unemotional, unimaginative, and materialistic, is seen most strongly in relation to women; when I tell you that there is no great love story in long Japanese literature in the Western sense, you will understand how the difference in our Japanese ancestral history and education renders what you call the true soul-sympathy in the West well-nigh impossible. Old Japan taught us ethics, but not emotion or love; if we ever attain to life's real emotion and love, it will be when the materialistic saturation turns at once its reverse side from its great hatred of its own self. Such is the Japanese spiritually. Now suppose such a Japanese with such ancestral history happened to live in America and become a naturalized American citizen (supposing that right were also given to the Japanese). Is he able to assimilate himself with America?—that is the important question we should like to dwell on.

I have no doubt that true assimilation can come only from intermarriage; now to ask more directly, can Japanese love the American women admirably and honestly?—the women psychically as well as physically larger than their home women, besides being born and bred so differently from themselves? Hearn says in a letter to Chamberlain: "I am now convinced that the deficiency of the sexual instinct (using the term philosophically) in the race is a serious defect rather than a merit, and is very probably connected with the absence of a musical sense and the incapacity for abstract reasoning." What will be the result if a Japanese marries an American woman? The answer is short: collision, that is all. Even where there is no terrible clash, certainly there will not be a true harmony of understanding between them. How can they thoroughly understand each other since they were born from different roots? Lafcadio Hearn was only a rare perfect specimen of one who successfully adopted another country; but I have the fact (how sad is Hearn's heart!) that in his later years he looked back longingly towards America, and even declared that he had found out at last, after his long residence in Japan of some fifteen years, that he knew nothing of Japan and the Japanese. If the West finds it difficult to understand the East, that is to mean to say that the hearts of the East and West can never join together so easily. Kipling sings:

> Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
> Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great Judgment seat;
> But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
> When *two strong men stand face to face*, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

It is better to make East and West live independently, at least at present; but let the true Americans and the true Japanese stand face to face on the same ground without asking each other where they come from, whether East or West. We Japanese even claim in America an equal treatment with other Western people; but as for the question of American naturalization being extended to Japanese, I doubt, as a Japanese, whether it would not be a damaging affair equally for America and Japan.

To disturb the Japanese insularity physically as well as spiritually through such a Japanese (now, suppose, a Japanese-American) is a very serious thing to consider for Japan herself. If it is understood that any Japanese can become naturalized in America, I believe that many young Japanese, mainly to escape from military duty, would try to enter the country across the ocean. Certainly militarism is never the best policy for any country; but after long consideration, I should say that it would be the second best for Japan at present. The American naturalization extended to Japanese would be a damaging affair for Japan. Indeed, naturalization has no meaning whatever, if the people in the place cannot be assimilated with the country which they go to adopt; already in that point, we Japanese have no right qualification. But shall we never in the future attain that qualification? The time will be changed in the next fifty years under the Western education and invading civilization; our Japanese minds will certainly make the foreign assimilation easy; so I think that that question of naturalization should be left to the wise hand of time and wait for some fifty years. Even without our asking it, I am sure that America will give it to us; perhaps then we shall be able to answer more truthfully and properly to her invitation.

YONE NOGUCHI.

Correspondence

THE COST OF HIGH WAGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The latest evangel preaches that higher and still higher wages is the panacea for all the ills of the community. No one points out the fearful cost of those who, unable to meet the advancing charges, are compelled to sacrifice their special work for unsuitable tasks. Train a man or a woman for a special vocation, and then place him or her under conditions that demand all of time and vigor in alien but unavoidable tasks; can one imagine a more oppressive situation for the individual or one that entails a more serious economic loss upon the community? It is a fact that in the intelligent middle class of our communities in the North and West, particularly among the married women of this class, the routine tasks of their lives limit seriously or prevent the more productive activities for which they have training. Unless we take the position that women who marry must accept the details of housekeeping as their special vocation, we must admit that a great host of women are, each in a home very dear to her, paying a terrible price for their homes in undesired forms of labor, in the expenditure of thought and strength in channels foreign to their training and preference.

In three-fourths of the homes of college professors, the cultured wives are occupied with the lower grades of household labor—house-cleaning, setting tables, answering door-bells—filling their time and exhausting their vigor in the non-consecutive details which belong to the maid-of-all-work. The wives of ministers are in no better case. The universities are training for special forms of skilled labor an ever-increasing multitude of women who must, if they undertake home-making, exchange their vocations for an unskilled occupation because the compelling necessities of daily life will demand all their limited strength, or at least will leave at their disposal no connected periods of time such as the consecutive tasks of special skill require. That intelligent women feel the stultifying effects of their round of petty detail and

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yet recognize their inability to undertake serious constructive work, the activities of many women's clubs attest, the programme testifying to their intellectual hunger and yet by its desultory and amateurish character confessing their inability to undertake anything of a formative nature or of worthy accomplishment.

The women are the greatest sufferers, but not the only ones. No sensitive man can see unmoved the dwarfing of nature and the loss of opportunity that a gifted woman has accepted who devotes her energies to the petty details of the unskilled labor in his home. Further, he himself is not wholly free from personal loss from similar causes. It is true that the unavoidable demands for unskilled labor are not so imperative with him as with his wife, and can often be satisfied without destroying the possibilities of skilled employment. In his case, the mal-adjustment of life more often becomes evident through the loss of reasonable satisfactions which he denies himself to avoid the drudgery of unskilled labor. For most men the home garden has disappeared, the adornment of home grounds is greatly restricted, favorite occupations for diversion which involve routine and unskilled labor are given up lest their demands for time and strength should encroach upon the requirements for the special vocation. Home conveniences are not provided unless the income permits of a considerable outlay for their purchase, social and civic duties are omitted since time is taken up by more imperative calls, economic purchasing which requires time or thought, the father's part in the training of children and in the maintenance of a wholesome home life, and many other duties which our forefathers discharged have become impossible. True, the causes of these changes in the man's life are due to many influences, but not least among these is his inability to defend the higher duties of life by obtaining from others the performance of the lower and unskilled tasks without too serious an inroad upon his income. The handy man about the place, the village laborer who could be safely reckoned upon for any unskilled labor, is no longer obtainable, therefore the master of the house must perform such labor himself or undertake nothing that involves it.

What is the remedy? The American seeks by changes in home conditions to convert unavoidable labor into avoidable, and to that end frequents boarding tables, restaurants, cooked food shops, cafétarias, or closes his home and dwells in an apartment house with wall beds and a six-by-eight kitchenette. He strives to solve his problem by denying his household the spaciousness and comforts of the home of his fathers that his wife as well as himself, by denying herself the comforts dependent upon unskilled labor, may find opportunity for the pursuit of her special vocation. An interesting corollary of this solution is the fact that children become impossible elements under the conditions in many apartment houses.

These solutions entail a staggering loss upon the community: they involve the acceptance of conditions that are assumed to be unalterable, and in no wise remove the cause of these conditions. The obstacle that prevents efficiency in the special avocation, that renders the management of the home difficult, and denies us an easy conduct of life in comfort, with grace and dignity, is the disproportionately high price of unskilled labor. We are striving to bar out foreign unskilled labor, especially that Oriental labor which is most suited to the needs of service in our homes. The theorist declares it desirable that every wage earner should be able to maintain his family on the plane of life that labor in the lower grades of skill has attained, and is singularly blind to the loss and sacrifice this doctrine causes in the ranks of skilled labor where the product is of greatest worth to the community. Each trade union cries unceasingly for the exclusion of unskilled labor from all races except its own, hence the less desirable immigrant from eastern Europe finds an open door, while the faithful house-servant from the Orient knocks in vain or gains admission in such scanty numbers that demand lifts his wage out of the reach of modest incomes. When Japanese dishwashers receive $60 a month and Chinese servants can command almost any price from $40 upwards, as in the West, what better evidence can be given to prove that there is real deprivation and suffering through the lack of such labor as these servants perform? Have we not dodged this fact long enough? Are we not ready to face it and inquire why we should exclude desired help and continually raise the wage of the unskilled? to ask whether the sacrifice of cultured women in their homes, or the exchange of the home for the apartment or boarding house, or the loss of home comforts incident to such high wages, is necessary or just?

CHARLES DAVIDSON.

Claremont, Cal., June 11.

IRREVERENT WIT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to express my appreciation of the letter of Mr. Willis Boyd Allen, in the *Nation* of June 5. Few things in the life of an age will more clearly set forth the character of the people than its sense of wit and humor. Tell me what you laugh at and I'll tell you what you are. The wise argument of courtesy in the matter may touch many, sad to say, when the higher plea will not. I am sure that I am only one of many who thank you for opening this attack upon one of the most flagrant evils of the day, the indulgence in irreverent, discourteous wit. Our public taste should demand something better than *Life* and *Judge* and *Puck*.

F. A. KAHLER.

Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, Buffalo, N. Y., June 12.

[Several other clergymen have written to us in the same tenor.—ED. NATION.]

A LIFE OF KEATS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you do me the favor to make it known among your readers that I am engaged on a new and what I hope to make a standard and complete critical biography of the poet Keats, and that I shall be very grateful to receive notes of any unpublished material, autograph or other, which may be in the hands of American collectors? With some of these gentlemen I have the pleasure of being already in communication, but there must be others who can help me in my purpose if they will, and it is to them that I now wish to make appeal through your columns. SIDNEY COLVIN.

35 Palace Gardens Terrace, London, W., June 6.

Literature

PROFESSOR MURRAY ON GREEK RELIGION.

Four Stages of Greek Religion. By Gilbert Murray. (Columbia University Press.) New York: Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50 net.

Whatever Mr. Murray has to say on things Greek is always sure of a respectful hearing. He disclaims the purpose of giving in this volume a connected history of Greek religion, yet its rise, progress, and decay at critical periods are relentlessly analyzed. His title suggests a needed caution to those who refer casually to "the Greeks" as if sprung fully grown from the head of Zeus. Although he can offer (see p. 152) no new guide to "the uncharted" (a recurrent term), his agnosticism is neither arrogant nor patronizing. To Miss Harrison's "Themis" and her "Prolegomena" he makes cordial acknowledgment, but it is a relief to read (Preface, p. 7): As "she has by now made the title of 'Olympian' almost a term of reproach, . . . I have ventured to attempt to explain their historical origin and to plead for their religious value." He is even willing (cf. p. 97 with p. 20) to distinguish between superstition and religion, and he cites with sympathy "the beautiful defence of idols by Maximus of Tyre." But the distinction, when drawn, seems only half-hearted and negative. Pertinent generalizations, explaining both the Greeks and their gods, are too numerous to catalogue.

The first stage he entitles "Saturnia Regna." In this part there is a keen discussion of data gathered by comparative study of other peoples and of the traces of early Greek superstitions. The Olympian gods are not primary. Behind them is "a dark primæval tangle of desires, fears, and dreams." When the three great Athenian festivals—the Diasia, the Thesmophoria, and the Anthesteria—are examined, the anthropomorphic gods vanish and we are left with the sediment of a snake, or a sow, or a Bull's Shed—the house of a divine animal. Out of superstitions, terror, and tabus are gradually evolved oracles and gods. The "process charged with the emotion of pressing human desire, projects its anthropomorphic god or dæmon." Mr. Murray offers his own explanation of the peculiarly Greek development of local oracles. If the Old Men

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of the Tribe, he interprets, cannot explain in a given case what is Themis, we must ask advice of the great ancestors in their sacred tombs. Next, special tombs of special ancestors give way to what he seems to describe as a Chthonian Trust. Then the oracles in a panic resort to remedies of pain and blood as senseless and inhuman as the sins of the modern world in burning witches and heretics.

The second stage is entitled "The Olympian Conquest." The "new" gods, as is pointed out, are, more or less openly, recognized as supervening upon an older order. Far from regretting with Miss Harrison the passing of tabus and totems, Mr. Murray recognizes this period as coincident with the high-water mark of Greek religion. While there is "hardly any horror of primitive superstition" unrepresented, he asserts that "there is hardly any height of spiritual thought attained in the world that has not its archetype or its echo in the stretch of literature that lies between Thales and St. Paul." If the monotheism of Xenophanes, Parmenides, Æschylus, Euripides, Plato, and others could really have imposed itself upon the world, it "would have been," he urges, "a far more philosophic thing than the tribal and personal monotheism of the Hebrews." As it was, the Olympian religion achieved the following: It debarbarized Greek worship in the leading states, mitigating the horrors of "Urdummheit"; it permitted progress; wrapped religion in Sôphrosynê; made for intercantonal concord; and developed sheer beauty. And it not only repressed the primeval brute in its own inheritance, but beat back, for a time, the "beastly devices" of the heathen without. The author contrasts, *inter alia*, the "sexless Valkyrie" of the "Iliad," called Athena, with the many-breasted Artemis of Ephesus. In later antiquity, apart from the unpopular Epicurean school, it issued "in a sort of apotheosis of good taste, . . . or else it collapsed into helpless mysticism."

Mr. Murray contends that the Homeric poems, and through them the Olympian gods, did not exercise any widespread influence until the sixth century. He claims that they were purged of the grosser survivals and that the old Achæan gods were equipped with new names reflecting the factors in this later age. This revolutionary theory, which we can here only hint at, will have to run the gantlet of much criticism. To the author, however, it is the kernel of his interpretation of this stage of Greek religion.

The third stage is the Hellenistic-Roman period. The author designates this phase as "The Failure of Nerve." The traditional religion of Hellas was "bankrupt" by Plato's time. Between the time of Epicurus and St. Paul there was a rise of asceticism, of mysticism, a loss of faith in normal human effort. Men halt at the parting of the ways—the life of the patient and good citizen in sympathy with the world contrasted with the ecstatic vision of the saint. The Greek city-state, the kernel of Hellenism, has fallen with the Macedonian conquest. Yet "Rome was herself a Polis as well as an empire" and "the Stoical ideal of the World as 'one great City of Gods and Men' has not been surpassed by any ideal based on the nation." Both Stoic and Epicurean were almost free from popular superstitions; both got rid of the myths; but both let these same gods out of Tartarus, though putting them under strict parole. Mr. Murray, throughout the book, betrays especial admiration for the doctrine of the Epicureans. Their "glory it is to have upheld an ideal of sanity and humanity stark upright amid a reeling world." When the Olympians were dethroned Chance or Fortune was elected to the vacancy by popular acclamation —again a "denial of the value of human endeavor."

In discussing the Hellenistic worship of the heavenly bodies the writer harks back to the reference in the "Republic" to the sun as the author of light in the visible world, and connects it with the ultimate "triumph of Mithraism as the military religion of the Roman frontier." As a matter of fact, there is no such confusion in Plato. The sun is merely an earthly symbol of the Master Light—the Idea of Good.

In skirting the more critical contacts with early Christianity, Mr. Murray shows no disposition to trample carelessly upon the beliefs of others, but, as in his treatment of sun-worship, he traces back, for Gnostics and Christians alike, the conception of their Sôtêr to Plato and his Ideal "Righteous Man." Appreciation of St. Paul, often lacking in orthodox writers, is evident, both elsewhere and here, when he speaks of his "clean antiseptic quality." Much in this chapter tempts discussion. "Astrology fell," he says, "upon the Hellenistic mind as a new disease falls upon some remote island people." Allegory, he argues, permeates all Hellenistic philosophy. The striking, and certainly little known, words of Diogenes, an Epicurean of Cappadocia about 200 A. D., inscribed on the wall of a portico, are translated in full. The preamble is too long to cite, but the message itself is terse: "Nothing to fear in God: Nothing to feel in Death: Good can be attained: Evil can be endured."

The fourth part of the book centres upon Julian the Apostate and his Neo-Platonic friend Sallustius. It is entitled "The Last Protest." Any new light thrown upon the cross currents of this perplexing period is grateful. The author analyzes the conflict between Christianity and Paganism. The former he thinks of "as a sort of semi-secret society for mutual help with a mystical religious basis." The denatured Paganism which Julian tried to galvanize into life had the hopeless task of explaining the old myths through mystery and allegory. "The explanations given by Sallustius and Julian are never rationalistic. They never stimulate a spirit of skepticism, always a spirit of mysticism and reverence." Julian's supreme concern, he adds, was to prove, what the Christians denied, that the Gods *are*.

The proletariat Christian and the imperial, but monastic, Pagan both represent mysticism. The treatise of Sallustius, with its washed-out Platonism, is translated in an appendix, being, as Mr. Murray puts it, a semi-official catechism or creed. Far better support for the Pagan ideal and its real love for Sôphrosynê is given by citations from other sources. The author again reverts to the Epicureans and their lofty character. He points out how extremes meet in the common unpopularity shared by them and the Christians. This might have been further illustrated by Lucian's reference to the common ban placed upon both by Alexander the False Prophet in the second century.

In view of Mr. Murray's intimate frankness it may not seem unsuitable to describe the book itself as The Latest Protest against orthodoxy and atheism alike. In a striking figure at the end he speaks of creed written upon creed like a palimpsest. Although his readings of the scroll may call for further emendation he strives with the patience of an acute and high-minded scholar to decipher the half-legible characters of the earlier writing.

CURRENT FICTION.

[TWO BOOKS OF FAERY.]

The Crock of Gold. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Lore of Proserpine. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Peter Pan's question about belief in fairies was taken by his friends in the audience as a delightful bit of whimsy. Even the children who shouted assent were consciously engaged in the pleasant game of make-believe. Santa Claus is never wholly endearing till he has begun to be a myth. Yet here are two books about fairies written by grown-ups for grown-ups, quite as if the world were still both young and credulous.

"The Crock of Gold" is a fairy-tale with Irish setting and accent; but the god Pan figures in it as well as the god Angus. Its satiric quality and its philosophy are German rather than Irish. As with all good fairy-tales, you

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may find what you like in it—an amusing series of impossible incidents, an allegory, or in a broader sense a criticism of life. A crock of gold is the most cherished possession of the Leprecauns, because, explains one of that harmless little people, "do you see, a Leprecaun has to have a crock of gold so that if he's captured by men folk he may be able to ransom himself." The loss of their treasure by a certain tribe of Leprecauns has its effect on the action of this tale, but we could have got on very well without it or them. For the persons of chief interest are the Philosopher and the Thin Woman and their two children, "who live in the centre of the pine wood called Coilla Doraca." The Thin Woman is a sort of witch who has married the Philosopher to get back at him for having answered the three questions which nobody had ever been able to answer. But he proves a match for her, at first because he is impervious as a philosopher, and later, after his experience among gods and fairies, because he is appealing as a man. As an aged male Alice in a new sort of wonderland, he has adventures involving a humorous philosophy worthy of study. And one never knows when among the whimsicalities of the book one may chance upon a simple human passage of almost lyrical power, such as the quaint lament of the "old woman on a stick" whom the Philosopher meets for a moment by the wayside, and meets no more.

Mr. Hewlett's book is even less easily classifiable. On its face a record of personal experience with nymphs, dryads, gods, and fairy wives, it is furnished with a preface in which the author discreetly admits that he does not know whether "the things in this book" are true or not. But one fact he is sure of: "If a thing is not sensibly true it may be morally so. If it is not phenomenally true it may be so substantially. And it is possible that one may see substance in the idiom, so to speak, of the senses. . . . It is a fact, I believe, that there is nothing revealed in this book which will not bear a spiritual, and a moral, interpretation." We confess that we are unable to supply such an interpretation; and to tell the truth we do not wish to feel the need of it. Why not take the book as a delightful bit of make-believe, so artful as to lead one to the verge of belief itself? Mr. Hewlett persuades himself, let us say, that he has seen wood-creatures and creatures of the air, singly and in companies; that he knows something of their dress, their social habits, their sports, loves, and ceremonies; their relations to human kind. He tells a long and circumstantial story of a London messenger boy who was an incarnation of Hermes, and whose strange influence over the humdrum mortals of the modern world culminated in the carrying off of a maiden of title to Pheræ in Greece, where long ago a temple of the god had stood. He chronicles several instances of "fairy wives" whom he has known or known of—unhuman creatures mated to men; and, not content with this, gravely asserts that there are undoubtedly several hundred thousands of such beings in the United Kingdom alone. Oddly enough, he excepts the acknowledged home of fairy-lore; he has "no evidence of fairy wives from Ireland," though "a great number out of Wales."

In one respect Mr. Hewlett's fairy-folk differ radically from the anthropomorphic creatures of common legend. They are totally unmoral:

> The fairies are of a world where Right and Wrong don't obtain, where Possible and Impossible are only finger-posts at cross-roads; for the gods themselves give no moral sanction to desire and hold up no moral check. The fairies love and hate intensely; they crave and enjoy; they satisfy by kindness or cruelty; they serve or enslave each other; they give life or take it as their instinct, appetite, or whim may be.
>
> But there is this remarkable thing to be noted, that when a thing is dead they cannot be aware of its existence. For them it is not, as if it had never been.

Is this satire? Does Mr. Hewlett employ the method of Swift in holding up by indirection what he takes to be the essential basis of human life, divested of its shams? As to his paganism, he has always been sufficiently explicit. . . . But we lay down this curious book with the lingering hope that it is not a mere stalking horse—that here may actually be a man of our time who does "believe in fairies."

A Step on the Stair. By Octave Thanet. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Short stories reprinted singly in book form are commonly found to be in a vein of popular sentiment. This tale of Miss French's is of a different sort. It adds another to the numerous recent attempts to describe the experiences of a soul just after its release from the body. Actual death does not occur, and spirit returns to body after an experimental excursion into the unknown country. Remembrance is vague, but the soul has learned that the state after death represents nothing permanent or sure—"This is but a step on the stair," says the mother of the newcomer, who is his guide. "We leave it as we left the life below; but joyfully and not in fear, for each step is higher on the stair." Half-reluctantly the soul of this traveller leaves its new freedom to turn back to human duties, recalled by the skill and persistency of a physician and friend who will not let the body be dead. In idea and spirit the sketch greatly resembles the longer narrative of Mr. A. C. Benson, "The Child of the Dawn," reviewed recently in these columns (July 25, 1912). In both instances the attempt is to get rid of the popular idea of the soul after death as (to quote Mr. Benson), "a sort of amiable and weak-kneed sacristan in the temple of God."

A GREAT LADY.

The Letter-Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope. Compiled from the Cannon Hall Papers, 1806-1873. By A. M. W. Stirling. With numerous illustrations; in two volumes. New York: John Lane Co. $10 net.

The editor and compiler of these volumes is a grandson of the lady whose name he uses to bind together his varied collection of letters and anecdotes, drawn from the family archives of the Spencer-Stanhopes of Cannon Hall. This work is, he says, not only a sequel, but a conclusion, to his two earlier books of similar character, "Coke of Norfolk and his Friends" (1906) and "Annals of a Yorkshire House" (1911). Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope was a daughter of Coke of Norfolk. The earlier picture showed him in his public character. He is seen in these letters as a country squire, the head of a family that laughed at and adored him—"Majesty" by nickname, the testy and affectionate ruler of his clan. But he appears only incidentally in these pages, which are actually a continuation of "Annals of a Yorkshire House," taking up the family chronicle as preserved in the Cannon Hall papers, at the point where the Annals laid it down.

A majority of the letters in the present collection were written by or to John Spencer-Stanhope, who in 1822 became the husband of Lady Elizabeth. Their preservation was due to her: hence the title. John was third child and second son among the fifteen children of Walter Spencer-Stanhope of the "Annals"; and as his elder brother was an idiot, became heir of Cannon Hall. In 1806 he was in his twentieth year, a rather serious young man with a group of lively sisters. Many of the earliest letters are from the liveliest of them all, Marianne. She was noted for her sharp wit in a period when repartee was required of the lady of *ton*. At forty she became the anonymous author of "Almack's," most admired satire of its day, in which she hit off, once for all, the foibles and chief characters of the most fashionable circle of the period, of which she was a member. She and her almost equally clever sisters seem to have been even more feared than admired by eligible young men, and the few ineligibles who applied, or appeared about to apply, were quickly

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disposed of by the worldly though affectionate mother of fifteen. Marianne, the only one to escape spinsterhood, made a discreet marriage of middle age, which turned out not badly.

John Stanhope as a young man had a strong desire to travel, and in 1810 set out for Spain and Greece. It was a perilous time for an Englishman to be travelling, and he presently found himself a prisoner of Napoleon. His letters written during the year or two which passed before he succeeded in escaping are full of interesting detail about the social Europe of that day, and about the conditions of the Napoleonic régime. The editor has wisely used his discretion in giving the substance rather than the letter of much of this "correspondence of an exile"—as indeed he does throughout the work. It is an extraordinarily vivid mass of contemporary gossip and anecdote which he succeeds in presenting. Lady Elizabeth Coke was half John Spencer-Stanhope's age when she became his wife. She looked up to him with awe, and lived up to her immediate resolve never to call him anything but Mr. Stanhope. Yet she was not only a girl of mind, and worthy on that ground of the Stanhope connection; she has a very pretty humor of her own, founded, unlike that of Marianne and her sisters, on good humor. And her awe of her spouse does not keep her from writing to him with ease and spontaneity of the little affairs of their common life and acquaintance. That acquaintance included not merely the local intimates of a great county family, but most persons of the first social and political distinction throughout England. Almack's, that last stronghold of London exclusiveness, was always open to the Stanhopes. The gossip of this family is the gossip of an aristocracy sure of itself, and calmly aware of its inferiors. The worldliness of Mrs. Stanhope, the mother of fifteen, is often amusing, sometimes fairly appalling in its completeness. "The proper thing," or, as it was then called, *ton*, had never a more unabashed worshipper. And the foibles and indiscretions of the right people seldom strike her as foolish or wrong. Once, to be sure, we find her faintly demurring to a fad of the moment. In 1810 it occurred to some one to make a fashion of shoemaking. Says Mrs. Spencer:

> Marianne is busy learning to make shoes. Archy was so pleased that he has begun. The shoemaker says he does very well, but he thinks Lord James understands better. The Master is a Scotchman. What think you of Princess Charlotte learning the trade? It rather discomposes me, as it is not an amusement for a Queen of England.

One mark of breeding belongs to this correspondence as a whole—a simplicity and lack of strain very different from the "literary" style, certainly, of its earlier years. It is clear that these people write to each other as they speak, with the result that we get an impression of reality, of direct contact and acquaintance, which is rarely given by old letters. The record is like a shifting, vivid "kinemacolor" of two social generations which are, as Mr. Stirling says, of "a date so near our own that it has all the charm of similarity—with a difference; and it is just this likeness and unlikeness which lend such piquancy to their experiences."

Poems and Songs. By Richard Middleton. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Poems and Songs: Second Series. By Richard Middleton. The same.

The Ghost Ship and Other Stories. By Richard Middleton. The same.

The Day Before Yesterday. By Richard Middleton. The same.

Perhaps the best approach to Middleton's poetry is through his prose, as included in the two latter volumes of the series, "The Ghost Ship" and "The Day Before Yesterday." In some respects his prose style is better, if anything, than his poetic. It is clear, direct, and unmannered. Some of the nobler qualities of English prose it lacks; but it has many of the minor charms and graces. And if it is slighter and less significant than his verse, it serves, at all events, to reveal the characteristic mood of the verse and its dominant spirit.

On the whole, then, Middleton's prose is marked by a kind of artificial childishness or naïveté. It is whimsical, even elfish. In this manner "The Ghost Ship" itself is a little masterpiece. But this manner, which seems like a *tour de force* in his stories, is seen to be quite habitual and natural in the obviously autobiographical sketches of boyhood and youth which compose the bulk of his prose writings. It is delicately fanciful; but it lacks the genuine simplicity and good faith, the conviction and seriousness, of childhood.

No; in spite of a curious witchery, a sort of impalpable, moonlight magic, Middleton's prose has no subject; it is pretty nearly destitute of mind. And if his verse seems better off in this respect, it is because the blood and the senses supply a kind of substitute for theme and conviction. At bottom it is characterized by the insubstantiality which constitutes for its author the main attraction of childhood and which lends his prose its elusive little air of factitious ingenuousness. Not that his poetry is ingenuous; it is quite in another key. But nevertheless it is this childlike shrinking from intellectual responsibility, this mood of reverie, of fluid consciousness, which is as significant for his poetical as for his prose mood.

In a single word, then, the prominent trait of all Middleton's work is his distaste for actuality and his search for some outlet or escape therefrom—a trait to which the circumstances of his death supply a melancholy comment. Now, of this amoralism—if we are willing to understand by the term amoralism the very prevalent desire to evade reality and its responsibilities, the refusal to face it and master it—there are two principal forms to-day. The one seeks to dodge the burden of reflection by recourse to a kind of instinctive or spasmodic violence—to passion in the general and popular sense; it substitutes convulsion for resolution, and is illustrated by Mr. Masefield. The other takes refuge in voluptuousness—in a hedonism, more or less refined according to the character of the subject, wherein passion in the narrower acceptation of the word is likely to play a large though not necessarily exclusive part.

Of this latter sort is Middleton's amoralism. In prose it is the innocent sensuality of childhood which gives him his opportunity; in poetry it is love, for it is hardly too much to say that love is the one motive of his verse. But it is withal the illusion of love that fascinates him—the love born of a weakness or a want. About his paganism, as it has been called, there is something *mol* or flaccid. It is not Leigh Hunt's "gingerbread lubberland," of which Carlyle speaks so contemptuously, for sin and sorrow enter it liberally. And yet enter it as they may, they are rather sentimental fillips than stern and reckonable visitants. It is for these reasons that Middleton's "Irene," with its elegiac close, is the most thoroughly characteristic thing that he has done:

> Oh, lovely days long dead! there falls on me
> In this dim world I may not understand
> An echo of your sweetness; in my hand
> One frail, sad rose inspires eternity
> With dreams that are no more, and from the sea
> That beats upon this gray perplexed land,
> Blows rumor of some merry drunken band
> That keeps your revels still in Arcady.

Sixty Years in the Wilderness: More Passages by the Way. By Sir Henry Lucy. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

A correspondent, writing to Sir Henry Lucy while chapters from his "Sixty Years in the Wilderness" were running in the *Cornhill Magazine*, commented that there were many oases in his desert. It would not be too much to say that, whatever aridness Sir Henry himself may have found in his sixty years of wandering, in this second volume of reminiscences that he has given us there are for the reader nothing but oases. "Toby M.P." of *Punch* has known

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everybody worth knowing in the political world for two generations, and in England politics and society are, or have been in the past, so intimately connected that such a statement is tantamount to saying that there has hardly been a prominent figure in London during the past forty years with whom the author has not had acquaintance.

Sir Henry's position as the reporter of Parliamentary debates for *Punch* has given him a unique standing. A strong Liberal by conviction, he was for some time editor of the *Daily News;* but it is as "Toby M.P.," the friendly critic of all parties alike, that he addresses his audience. What strikes one most in these reminiscences is the large tolerance of the author. Not only is he above party prejudice, he is above individual prejudice, which is not to say that he has not his likes and his dislikes. He has in part the same quality of mind that was possessed by the late Henry Labouchere, "Labby" of beloved memory, of whom he was a warm friend. There is something of the same veneer of cynicism, overlaid on the same true chivalry that rallies him instinctively to the support of any who have been wounded by the sword of circumstance. What he has to say of Parnell and of Sir Charles Dilke is illustrative of this quality.

A book of this description lends itself to liberal quotation, but we have space for only a few of the good things contained in it. An interesting literary revelation is on pages 4 and 5, where Sir Henry Lucy shows by the damning evidence of parallel columns how Disraeli stole his description of a Derby race in "Sybil" from an old number of the *Sporting Magazine*. A characteristic story of Lord Charles Beresford, which we fancy has not before been told, concerns the time of the Dogger Bank incident, when the Russian fleet, on its way half around the world to make a last effort against Japan, overcome by an attack of nerves, fired upon some British trawlers in the North Sea. At Gibraltar Lord Charles Beresford, in command of the Mediterranean squadron, was awaiting the arrival of the Russians with decks cleared for action. At the height of the crisis, Lord Selborne, the First Lord of the Admiralty, was startled to receive the following private message from the British Admiral: "Most awkward mistake; awfully sorry. Have blown up the Russian fleet; thought they were trawlers." One of many reminiscences of Gladstone, interesting at the present time to diplomatic circles in Washington, tells of his portentous discovery that Pilsener beer was an excellent beverage "that might be taken at luncheon with refreshment and without subsequent regret." One result of this discovery, that might have been unfortunate had the mistake not been discovered in time, was that the G. O. M., sitting down after luncheon to answer a communication from Mr. Pulitzer of the *World*, started his letter "Dear Mr. Pilsener." A story of the late Duke of Devonshire, which confirms the popular impression of him as suffering continually from an excessive ennui in the discharge of what he conceived to be his duty to his country, tells how Sir William Harcourt found him "with his eyes bunged up and his cheeks swollen with neuralgia," and bored to death with his medical attendant, Robson Roose, who also was in the habit of physicking Labouchere. "Always," complained the Duke, "imploring me to take care of myself for the sake of the country. I told him I'm damned if I would. Expect he says exactly the same thing to Labby."

Though no promise is held out of a third volume of reminiscences, one cannot but surmise that the material collected by "Toby M.P." in the course of sixty singularly fruitful years in the wilderness is by no means exhausted, and hope that he has more good things in store for us in the future.

A Modern History of the English People. By R. H. Gretton. Vol. I, 1880-1898. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.50 net.

Mr. Gretton has essayed a difficult task, in which he has been but moderately successful. The writing of contemporary history is beset by many pitfalls. It is easy to fall into diffuseness, when living memory and superabundant records thrust forward a confusing array of facts. He who resists this temptation will instantly find himself put to it to justify his theory of selection and exclusion. Then there is the problem of the form of narrative. Shall one take several salient features of the period and write a chapter about each, telling the story continuously from beginning to end? Or shall one elect annals?

The author has chosen the latter method. He covers the two decades year by year. This necessarily gives his pages the appearance and something of the scrappy dryness of an annual review. True, Mr. Gretton introduces a certain variety. He looks before and after sufficiently to knit the threads of one chapter to those of another. And he has gone into the biographical as well as the chronological records, so that personalities and an occasional anecdote break the monotony of his recitals of fact. But monotonous the volume frequently is. The author obviously has a political and social philosophy of his own, but it is hardly able to get itself free from his material. We see it only in hints and bits. Possibly, when his survey is completed in a second volume, he may take a longer breath and characterize with more fulness the main tendencies of the time which is treated in his history. But so far we see the movement merely in snatches and fragments.

By his very title Mr. Gretton plainly sought to convey that his predominant interest would not be political. And he does indeed faithfully set down inventions and their influence, social changes, educational developments, the shifting fashions of amusements and sports, popular fads, passing "crazes," and so on. Yet all these things have a way in his pages of coming to affect the conception or practice of government, so that, in the end, the reader feels that it is, after all, a book chiefly about politics. Mr. Gretton's pace is too rapid to permit him to give large impressions. He strives to be impartial, and we have found him highly but not invariably accurate. His book is one to be valued for reference more than to be kept by one as a resource.

Notes

Late this month Houghton Mifflin Co. will bring out: "O Pioneers," a story of Western life, by Sibert Cather; "The Life of John Bright," by G. M. Trevelyan; "The Hand of Petrarch," a collection of short stories, by T. Russell Sullivan; "A Scout of To-day," by Isabel Hornibrook; "The Life of William Ernest Henley," by L. Cope Cornford; "History of Belfast, Maine," Vol. II, from 1875 to 1900, by Joseph Williamson; "Industrial Education, its Problems, Methods, and Dangers," by Albert H. Leake; "Problems of Educational Readjustment," by David Snedden; "The Home School," by Ada Wilson Trowbridge, with an introduction by Randall J. Condon. Later in the season this firm will publish "Newspaper Writing and Editing," by W. G. Bleyer.

The publication is announced by Ginn & Co. of a volume of "Anniversary Papers," by colleagues and pupils of Prof. George Lyman Kittredge, in honor of the completion of his twenty-fifth year of teaching in Harvard University.

Putnam's announcements include: A reprint of the first three volumes (entitled respectively, "Adolescence to Manhood," "Scientific Career Inaugurated," "Dynamic Sociology") of "Glimpses of the Cosmos," a work by the late Lester F. Ward; "The New Agrarianism," by Charles W. Dahlinger; and the following Cambridge books: "English Monasteries," by A. Hamilton Thompson; "Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus," translated into English verse by Arthur S. Way; "A Descriptive Catalogue of the Manuscripts in the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge," by Montague Rhodes James; "Prima Legenda," first-year Latin lessons, by J. Whyte, and "A Greek Vocabulary," for use in schools, by T. Nicklin.

Mr. Edwin Björkman's new volume of essays, "Voices of To-morrow," to be published by Mitchell Kennerley, deals in great part with Strindberg, the authorized edition of whose plays was translated by Mr.

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Björkman. Other "voices" are Björnstjerne Björnson, Selma Lagerlöf, Francis Grierson, Maeterlinck, Bergson, George Gissing, Joseph Conrad, and our own Robert Herrick and Edith Wharton.

"The Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha of the Old Testament in English," with introductions and critical and explanatory notes to the several books, edited, in conjunction with many scholars, by Dr. R. H. Charles, is about to be published by the Oxford University Press. The work is in two volumes, and there are twenty-eight contributors. This will be the first complete English edition of the non-canonical Jewish literature of the two centuries before and the century after the birth of Christ, and the index alone will occupy 140 columns.

Edward S. Corwin, of Princeton, will bring out in July, through Holt, "National Supremacy: Treaty Power versus State Power."

In the autumn John Lane Co. will issue Prof. Stephen Leacock's new book, "Behind the Beyond."

August publications of the Century Co. include "John Barleycorn," by Jack London, and Alexander Irvine's "My Lady o the Chimney Corner," a story of Irish peasantry.

"Wild Grapes," a new story by Marie Louise Van Saanen (Madame Algi), is in preparation by Moffat, Yard & Co.

Mr. Cecil T. Carr has edited for the Selden Society a volume of "Select Charters of Trading Companies." These comprise forty-one grants made by the Crown between 1530 and 1707. The work will soon be published.

The Selden Society will also publish shortly the third volume of the "Eyre of Kent," 6 and 7 Edward II, edited by W. C. Bolland.

The first part of Martin Anderson Nexo's "Pelle the Conqueror," a Danish classic, is to be brought out by Sidgwick & Jackson in an English translation.

Routledge will have ready in the autumn "A Dictionary of Universal Biography," by Albert M. Hyamson. There are about a quarter of a million brief entries.

Among the birthday honors are a baronetcy for Mr. J. M. Barrie, and knighthoods for Dr. J. D. McClure, Mr. Claud Schuster, and Dr. A. W. Ward.

The "Selected List of Municipal and Civic Books" (New York: American City Bureau) is more than a catalogue of the 345 volumes named in its pages, since each of these books is briefly described, and in many instances its position in reference to disputed questions indicated. More than half of the books noted have appeared within the past three years.

In his discursive accounts of Italian cities Mr. Edward Hutton has reached "Ravenna" (Dutton). He writes with especial enthusiasm of the Dark Age, when Ravenna "held during an appalling interval of terror and doubt the most precious thing in the world"—to wit, the corpse of the Roman Empire. Though we may differ from him as to the preciousness of that corpse, no one can deny that it was these centuries of the Early Christians and Ostrogoths and Byzantines that bestowed on the city its enduring significance. Mr. Hutton discusses history, art, religion, or what you will with the facility and assurance of the practiced decanter of information. Though he writes loosely and is never authoritative, he may be recommended to travellers who desire an outline of Ravenna's story and monuments. Some of the illustrations, by Harald Sund, are unusually good.

The fourth volume of the "Cyclopedia of Education" (Macmillan), edited by Prof. Paul Monroe, includes titles from Liberal Arts to Polyhedron. A large amount of useful information is contained in the articles on various topics of educational history and biography. Dr. Abraham Flexner's presentation of the defects and needs of American medical education should have a stimulating influence in extending the results of the examination of the medical schools of Europe and America, which he made for the Carnegie Foundation. A considerable portion of the volume is taken up by presentations of State systems of education, these articles being by Elwood P. Cubberley, professor of education in Leland Stanford, Jr., University. The topics treated under each State are Educational History, Present School System, School Support, Educational Conditions, Teachers and Training, Secondary Education, and Higher and Special Education. The systems of twenty States are there considered. Of the noteworthy articles may be mentioned Horace Mann, by Will S. Monroe; Educational Aspect of Modern Missions, by James L. Barton; Military Education, by Eben Swift; and Pestalozzi, by Henry Holman. In the article on Libraries, by Charles K. Bolton, of the Boston Athenæum, the statement of the Biblical book of Ezra that Darius searched the library of Babylon for a Jewish decree is quoted as historical. The verse might be cited to show that such an institution as a hall of records was known at the late date of the origin of the book of Ezra, but the statement quoted is certainly unhistorical. One might have expected in a Cyclopedia generous in inclusion of biographical material a slight mention of the late Dr. D. K. Pearsons, benefactor of American higher education to the extent of above $5,000,000. The historian Livy, the friend of so many generations of college freshmen, receives no notice, but to Education for Nursing is accorded eight pages.

"The Vital Study of Literature" (Sergel), by William Norman Guthrie, holds out an alluring promise. It seems to offer in place of the numerous profitless methods of studying literature now in vogue one that is really effective. Its avowed purpose is to reduce the race of "educated illiterates" to extinction. Evidently the author comes from Mount Sinai, or has ascended the highest peak of Pisgah. His plan is the very simple expedient of getting out a descriptive catalogue of masterpieces. In it there will appear no biographical details, no historical explanations, no estimates by great critics dead and gone—in short, nothing which the publishers find most interesting to the race of educated illiterates. It totally ignores what seems to many now a really vital way of reading literature, a consideration of the ideas, of the implicit philosophy, of the author. The essay develops by a very profuse employment of language six canons: grasp of stuff, composition, construction, style, modernity, symbolic suggestiveness. Aside from the confusion of thought evident in these tests, one wonders whether Mr. Guthrie has heard of the canons of seventeenth-century criticism and of how devitalizing they were. He should at least have heard of the notorious rigor with which a certain Thomas Rymer applied them to one of our English dramatic masterpieces.

As an illustration of this method Mr. Guthrie furnishes—what? Translation! One would imagine that the last thing in the world you could get an illiterate to do would be to translate. Not at all, according to this authority, for he at once studies translations from the *Hebrew*. But he does not apply his canons. On the contrary, the method is historical and linguistic. In speaking of Coverdale's translation of the Bible he says: "Respect for the integral imaginative unity was not in his philosophy, or in that of any scholar of his times." The same is true of his discussion of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's translations. In comparing Arnault's "La Feuille" with Leopardi's "Imitazione" and Rossetti's "The Leaf," he uses the biographical method very largely. In short, the critic does not seem to have unlimited faith in his own canons. None of the avowedly critical papers in the volume applies these six tests. In a courageous effort to elucidate William Blake's symbolism, he actually declares that to understand him one must master "by sympathetic study the literature that influenced him." The drift of Maeterlinck is explained by a contrast with Henry Mills Alden's "The Study of Death." Indeed, interesting and acceptable as some of the judgments are, none of the eleven papers betrays any special originality in critical opinion and none whatever in critical method.

In the volume of Transactions of the Royal Historical Society for 1912 (London: Office of the Society), the president, the Venerable Archdeacon Cunningham of Ely, discusses the significance of the family as a political unit, especially in Scotland, where the family continued longer than anywhere else to be a unit for the exercise of political functions or, as it may be otherwise expressed, the organ through which the activities which we call political were carried on. Dr. Cunningham shows that no proper understanding of Scottish history can be obtained unless the element of personal attachment is taken largely into the account, and he utters for the benefit of students of British history the following word of warning: "Scottish history has suffered from being studied as if it were a faint reflection of the history of England, where national organization was so prominent from the time of the Conquest, and where there is a long story of true national life. But Scotland," he adds, "has never been merely a feeble imitation of England; her development has been in many ways independent, and it cannot be properly understood if we persist in viewing it with eyes that are adjusted to the English focus."

In the same volume Prof. C. H. Firth continues his contribution to the ballad history of the early seventeenth century; C. K. Webster furnishes a new study of Castlereagh's foreign policy, and quotes ex-

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tensively from the Foreign Office papers to prove that Castlereagh was the real upholder of the equilibrium of European territorial power; and H. G. Richardson, in a careful investigation of the parish clergy of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, shows that these men constituted a regular part of the agricultural village, holding acres in the open fields, suing and being sued in the manorial courts, and in other respects standing as peasant priests taking their places among the more prosperous freemen and copyholders of the community. A paper on the Commonwealth charters follows, and the volume closes with two suggestive essays bearing on commercial history, one by Professor Szelagowski and N. S. B. Gras, of Harvard, on the Eastland Company in Prussia, 1579-1585, and the other on the Records of the English African Companies, by Hilary Jenkinson, an excellent survey, though the writer is quite wrong in thinking that these records were "practically unknown" until he examined them.

There seems to be no good reason why that clever but inconclusive German pamphleteer, Maximilian Harden, should appeal to English readers, yet within two years two collections of his articles in the *Zukunft* have been translated into English—the latest under the title of "Monarchs and Men" (John C. Winston Co.). Harden does not usually bow before the great, but his worship of Bismarck knows no abatement, as witness his ninety pages on The Emperor William II, and his dislike of the Emperor Frederick III and of Gen. Waldersee is as pronounced as ever. Of the former he says: "We have grown to distrust the martial fame of princes since even the Crown Prince Frederick William became a weighty hero," and of the latter: "He is a figure to which you will find no equal in the history of the Prussian army; a pious assassin out of the pages of some criminal novel." A sentimentalist at bottom, like so many rhetoricians of his stripe, he has a warm heart for the Vienna burgomaster, Karl Lueger, whom he absurdly overrates, while he is rather puzzled by the popularity of the unemotional King Edward, whose matter-of-fact common sense he clumsily sums up in the phrase: "There was not in the whole United Kingdom a more industrious commercial traveller or a better merchant." The articles on Czar Nicholas II, Francis Joseph, and Albert of Saxony are commonplace, with all their superficial learning and occasional pungency, while the imaginary deliverances of Tolstoy and Rockefeller are the worst example of Harden's inflated bombast. In the article on Briand, as he often does, he runs analogies into the ground. "In his earlier years," he says, "Briand was, like Danton, a lawyer, and it looked as if he would become a Babeuf"—and thereupon he devotes exactly one-half of the article to Babeuf. The most interesting of the essays is the one on Leo XIII, where the subject lends himself to the treatment—the inklings of mysterious occurrences and suggestions of profound state secrets by which Harden holds his German audiences. The translator has done his part well, but he has not the remotest idea of the transliteration of Russian names.

Albert Gubelmann's "Studies in the Lyric Poems of Friedrich Hebbel" (Yale University Press) are intended, as appears from the sub-title, first to draw attention in a general way to the sensuous elements in Hebbel's media of expression, and, secondly, to exhibit his employment of colors, sounds, silence and solitude, and the tactual sense, for æsthetic purposes. Two introductory chapters on the poet and his æsthetic theory are written with full knowledge of Hebbel's own confessions and of the many recent attempts to systematize these. The chapters, which may have their uses for the general reader, are not distinguished for any illuminating presentation of facts familiar to the specialist. In the chapters that follow, however, there is a new collocation of data derived from thorough examination of the poems in question. The result is calculated to contribute to an understanding of Hebbel rather than to a better appreciation of his works, and undoubtedly the total impression justifies the author's opinion that "too little has been said about Hebbel's acute sensibility and his passionate surrender to the impressions of objective reality." There may, indeed, be a far-reaching significance in the fact that out of 278 instances of color, Hebbel uses red 83 times and golden 45. Otto Ludwig got a sensation of red from Schiller's poems, and of golden brown from Goethe's. But it is hard to find value in all the details of such statistics, and the statistician has to be exhaustive. Dr. Gubelmann has done his work with exemplary devotion. In the present groping for methods in stylistic investigation, every honest effort is welcome. Whether in this case the product is an adequate reward for the toil, time only can determine.

Wilbur F. Gordy's "American Beginnings in Europe" (Scribner) is an attempt to embody in a textbook the recommendations of the Committee of Eight of the American Historical Association, regarding the history programme for the sixth grade. In order to impress upon the child that "our national history is a part of the history of the world," the story of American "beginnings" is carried back to Greece and Rome, and brought down through the Middle Ages to the period of discovery and early European occupation. Mr. Gordy's book, in other words, is an elementary survey of the history of western Europe to the end of the sixteenth century. Whether pupils of the grade for which the book is designed will get from it much idea of the continuity of history, or come to think of Europe as existing for any other purpose than to produce an America, is at least problematical; but for Mr. Gordy's execution of his difficult task we may express a hearty commendation.

To those who desire a brief, well-written sketch of American history on unconventional lines, and who can excuse a title that does not particularly describe the contents of the book, Edwin W. Morse's "Causes and Effects in American History" (Scribner) may be commended. Mr. Morse's apparent contempt for "the bare facts of history"—is it not about time to discard that meaningless expression?—and his professed purpose "to supply to the imagination a key to the real meaning of the evolutions . . . of the historical pageant," arouse at the outset a suspicion that he either does not know his subject or else has a thesis to defend. On the whole, however, the narrative is straightforward, there is an abundance of fact and incident, skilfully grouped, and the frequent generalizations and conclusions are well grounded. The most obvious defect of the book, from the standpoint of one who really wishes to understand American history, is its neglect of political and constitutional development; a defect not sufficiently offset by interesting chapters on industrial growth, the "high tide of American commerce," and the progress of literature, the fine arts, and education.

Samuel B. Howe's "Essentials in Early European History" (Longmans) follows the suggestion of the Committee of Five of the American Historical Association and of the New York State Regents in their recent "Syllabus," and includes in one survey the ancient world, the Middle Ages, and modern Europe to the end of the seventeenth century. The book has sterling merits. The compact narrative is interestingly written; the facts are typical, and the difficult problem of continuity is handled with more than ordinary success. Mr. Howe has evidently approached his task in a genuine historical spirit. He is not afraid of names and dates, so long as they are important; and he does not depreciate the past in order to give his work a modern ring. His treatment of the Protestant Reformation is a commendable example of fairness and historical perspective, and the chapter on the English colonies will be appreciated. There is a wealth of pictures and maps, most of the former being of actual historical objects or places. The treatment of reading references is particularly novel. Instead of appending to the several chapters lists of books useful for teachers or mature students rather than for high-school pupils, and not readily obtainable outside of large libraries, the references are confined mainly to a few carefully chosen and inexpensive works, the contents of which are analyzed for the purpose of the topic in hand. The book can hardly fail to help on the growing interest in general European history as a high-school study.

Maurice Louis Muhleman, economist and financial expert, died last Thursday in Bronxville, N. Y. He was in his sixty-first year. Mr. Muhleman had been for nearly thirty years in the service of the Treasury Department, fourteen years in Washington and fifteen in New York city, as Deputy Assistant Treasurer of the United States and cashier at the Sub-Treasury. He retired from the Treasury Department in 1901, and since then had devoted his time to the preparation of treatises upon monetary and financial matters. As a student of banking methods, he had written much in advocacy of a central bank, and upon this subject the financiers of Wall Street and the Government authorities regarded him as an authority. He wrote "A Plan for a Central Bank," "Governmental Supervision of Banks," "The Money of the United States," "Monetary Systems of the World," "Treasury System of the United States," "Banking Systems of the World," and "Monetary and Banking Systems."

The death, at sixty-five, is reported from Turin of Arturo Graf, who for thirty years was a professor in the University of that town. He helped to found the *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana*, and wrote, in addition to delicate lyrics of a

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somewhat pessimistic tone, "Attraverso il Cinquecento," "Foscolo, Manzoni e Leopardi," "L'Anglomania e l'influsso Inglese in Italia," etc.

Science

Practical Cooking and Serving. By Janet McKenzie Hill. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 net.

The Hostess of To-day. By Linda Hull Larned. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The Chafing-Dish and Sandwiches. By Alice L. James. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Sunday Suppers. By Alice Laidlaw Williams. New York: Duffield & Co. $1 net.

Candy-Making Revolutionized. By Mary Elizabeth Hall. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. 75 cents net.

The difficulty with most cook-books is that they are mere collections of recipes—often in bewildering numbers—the proper use of which presupposes the knowledge of an experienced cook. This objection cannot be made to Janet McKenzie Hill's book. Her connection with the Boston Cooking School evidently opened her eyes to the fact that there are things which must be taught beginners before they can make practical use of recipes. She begins, therefore, with first principles, explaining the object of cooking, telling how to build a fire, and other things about the kitchen range. The different processes of cooking—roasting, broiling, frying, boiling, etc.—are discussed in a separate chapter, and attention is given to a number of preliminaries that are usually overlooked, such as how to draw and clean a fowl and how to take care of vegetables. How much better, for example, the vegetables placed on most tables would be if the cooks followed this simple advice: "Keep in a cool place, closely wrapped in paper or in a closed vessel (a tin pail is a convenient utensil) to exclude the air." There is a time table telling how long different foods should cook, and explaining why there are differences. The philosophy of canning vegetables and fruits is expounded. Directions are given for determining the freshness of fish and the quality of meats. The best ways of brewing coffee and tea are discussed, the writer regretting that to-day the individual housekeeper scarcely ever takes the time to roast her own coffee. Those who like onions, but cannot digest them, will be interested to know that if parsley is cooked with them, the tendency to flatulence is counteracted. Salt codfish is also, we are told, good for dyspeptics. Glimpses are given of gastronomic history like this:

It is said that the Emperor Charles V visited the grave of the man who systematically introduced into the Netherlands the preservation of herring by salting, smoking, and drying them, as a benefactor of mankind. Lucullus, at great expense, connected a lake near Naples with the sea, in which he might keep sea-fish alive.

In her last chapter Miss Hill discusses such topics as marketing, care of food and cooking utensils, the hospital and the etiquette of entertaining. This last topic opens Linda Hall Larned's "The Hostess of To-day," but by no means makes up the bulk of her book, which, like the volume just considered, consists chiefly of recipes. The so-called "fancy cooking" is rarely attempted in Miss Larned's book; she believes that "the cookery that requires hours of time and the skill of a chef is not often successful in the home kitchen." General directions are given for serving breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, and suppers, formal as well as informal.

The chafing-dish is now seldom ignored in any cook-book. Alice L. James gives 164 pages of her volume to it. For luncheons, for Sunday night tea, for after-theatre suppers, for all occasions when the cook is out or the stove cold, nothing is so convenient as the chafing-dish, in which, in a few minutes, diverse hot dishes can be made with denatured alcohol as fuel. Omelettes and rabbits, creamed dishes, oysters, Finnan haddie, and a hundred other dainties can be had in a moment, and it is real fun to cook them. Indeed, it seems to be the mission of the chafing-dish to ennoble the cook's art and make it fashionable. Miss James devotes her first chapter to its "mysteries"—the proper way of manipulating it—and follows this up with thirty-five menus, each accompanied by several pages of directions. Having disposed of this matter, she gives a chapter to the making of sandwiches—of almost everything edible, be it marine or terrestrial, animal or vegetable.

"Fifty-four Chafing-Dish Recipes, Old and New" is the sub-title of Alice Laidlaw Williams's little book, "Sunday Suppers." Beginning with the first Sunday in January, but without much reference to delicacies in season or out, she provides a menu for every Sunday in the year, with one more for good measure. A humorous headpiece goes with every menu, together with a few poetic lines, usually facetious, like Lewis Carroll's

> Now if you're ready, Oysters, dear,
> We will begin to feed.

From chafing-dish cooking it is but a step to what Mary Elizabeth Hall regards as the "most delicate brand of cookery—the making of confectionery." It is not the making of ordinary commercial sweets that her book is concerned with. She purposes to revolutionize candy-making by using vegetables as a basis. Women on the farm or in the village can gather potatoes, sweet potatoes, carrots, parsnips, beans, beets, tomatoes—even onions—and convert them into confectionery as sweet as that which they buy in the shops, free from injurious coloring matter and preservatives, and very much cheaper. The evil effects of overindulgence are obviated, because, "before an undue amount of sugar is consumed, the very mass of the vegetable base has satisfied the appetite." Moreover, decorative candies that formerly required more skill than most amateur confectioners possess, can thus be made by any one who can model clay or use a cooky cutter. Oriental paste and stuffed fruits are also considered, and there are hints for the caterer and the teacher of children.

Dr. George L. Walton, who some years ago wrote the valuable little treatises "Why Worry" and "Those Nerves," will soon issue, through Houghton Mifflin Co., "Calm Yourself."

Cambridge books in Putnam's list include: "Elementary Experimental Dynamics for Schools," by C. E. Ashford; "The Laws of Thermodynamics," by W. H. Macaulay; "Four-Figure Tables," by C. Godrey, and "Elementary Algebra," by the same.

"William Carleton," not content with showing us, in "One Way Out," the way for a city man to succeed in the city, now undertakes, in "New Lives for Old" (Small, Maynard), to demonstrate how a countryman should make good in the country. Going with his wife to a town where the native Americans are sluggish, poorly nourished, addicted to patent medicines, and nearly bankrupt, in a single year he succeeds in rousing them, by the offer of a few prizes and a little advice, to self-respect, energy, and model farming. The book ends with a vision of an ideal country community. As in his earlier book, Mr. Carleton describes the disease more satisfactorily than the remedy, so that one feels a doubt whether he has lived the life that he portrays. He has apparently never heard of spraying, nor has he made the acquaintance of that simple tool, the wheel hoe; yet, in spite of the lack of these indispensables, he raises "bumper crops" of apples and potatoes. Nevertheless, taken with the warning that it can work only slowly, his new panacea is more nearly the true remedy for the ignorant farmer than was his earlier one the salvation of the discouraged clerk. Only a few of us can become bosses of construction gangs; but any typical backward country community can, by using modern methods, greatly improve itself. Mr. Carleton shows how to get in touch with experiment stations, and reveals the help which these State institutions are ready and anxious to give. He points the way to better farming credits, to better marketing methods, and to better home conditions—not the least of which is winter amusement. Marvellous as is his millennium, it is at least a conception of the possible.

Patrick A. Quinn, who died last week at his home in Newark, N. J., aged seventy-

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five, was the author of several books on agriculture, among them "Pear Culture for Profit" and "Money in the Garden."

Drama and Music

"The Wallet of Time," a title suggested by Shakespeare's

> Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
> Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,

has been chosen by William Winter for a two-volume book of reminiscences of the American theatre from 1791 to 1912. Moffat, Yard & Co. will publish the work in September.

The "Dramatic Index," of which the fourth annual volume, for the year 1912, has just been published (Boston Book Company), is, within its obviously limited scope, a convenient and apparently trustworthy book of reference, although some of the information in it might easily elude the inquirer who did not know under what head to look for it. The claim of its prospectus, that it "unlocks the enormous treasure-house of dramatic literature and criticism in the periodicals of America and England," is scarcely justified by the facts. What it does is to furnish a complete list, alphabetically arranged, of all plays produced in this country and England since 1908, with dates and places of performance, the names of the authors, references to critical comments in contemporaneous periodicals, with lists of plays and books on dramatic subjects published during 1912. All this matter is useful to persons concerned in the daily business of the theatre, although of comparatively small value to the general or special student. The book also devotes a large amount of space, much of which might be much more profitably occupied, to the enumeration of third and fourth-rate actors and actresses, their portraits, and press notices in professional theatrical journals whose printed opinions are entirely negligible. If the record were complete, the case would be different. The conspicuous defect of the book—inseparable from its scheme—is that its references ignore all publications more than five years old. As far as they go, they are full, and, upon cursory examination—a closely critical inspection would involve more labor than they are worth—seem to be accurate. It is a pity that so well-printed, laborious, and precise a work should not have been inspired by a broader intelligence. As it is, it will be precious chiefly to the "profession."

It is rare to find a student of the Elizabethan drama who does not lose the sense of proportion in appraising the works of that period, and we cannot but regard it as an instance of this deficiency when Herbert F. Schwarz has gone to the trouble of reproducing in facsimile the old quarto (1654) of "The Tragedy of Alphonsus, Emperour of Germany" (Putnam)—a third-rate production which was already acessible in the editions of George Chapman. Notwithstanding the catchpenny declaration on the title-page of the quarto, the play is certainly not from the pen of that dramatist. To be sure, the style is not altogether destitute of the idiomatic vigor which is seldom entirely absent from works of its class, and in one or two scenes—especially those between Alphonsus and Alexander, where subtlety is matched against subtlety—it rises somewhat above the average in the handling of a dramatic situation, but, taking the play as a whole, it is obviously crude melodrama and nothing more. A curious feature of it is the frequent introduction of German—both High and Low, accurately distinguished—into the dialogue. As might have been expected, the printer of the quarto often mangles the language which he did not understand.

Mr. Schwarz does not discuss the questions of authorship and date. The interest of the play, however, depends to a large extent on the solution of these questions. In no event could its literary merit be regarded as considerable, but if certain critics were right in maintaining that it belongs to the Pre-Shakespearean drama, it would distinctly gain in historical importance. The editor's introduction is limited to the discussion of various melodramatic features of the play, to which he adduces parallels from the life and literature of the time. These are interesting, as far as they go, but with a little more research in the records of iniquity, both authentic and legendary, of Renaissance Italy, he could surely have given better illustrations of the most striking of these features—namely, the strange modes of poisoning that figure so largely in that age. As the editor states in his preface, his purpose in his Notes has been "to draw as largely as possible upon the records of contemporary travellers for the elucidation of the references made by the dramatist to conditions characteristic of the Germany of his day." The number of quotations, however, from such sources is not large. These notes include, too, Elze's emendations of corrupt passages in the German speeches.

The Drama Guild of Chicago has printed a number of the masques, pageants, and plays produced under its direction, and some of them are astonishingly good of their kind, especially those in which Thomas Wood Stevens and Kenneth Sawyer Goodman are collaborators. Among the best are "The Daimio's Head," an uncommonly quaint and characteristic Japanese fantasy; "Montezuma," dealing with the death of that monarch and the triumph of Cortez, and "The Masque of Quetzal's Bowl." All these are well suited to the spectacular purpose for which they are designed, exhibit imagination and no little literary cleverness, together with an excellent sense of theatrical effect. They are far superior to any of the lighter forms of musical or dramatic entertainment supplied by the regular commercial theatre. "Cæsar's Gods," by the same authors, a Byzantine masque, illustrating the conflict between paganism and Christianity at the court of Julian the Apostate, is rich in spectacular and dramatic incidents, and contains several passages of striking eloquence, but is of uneven merit and shows less originality of invention. In "The Chaplet of Pan," by Wallace Rice and Thomas Wood Stevens, a bit of pseudo-classical May Day romance, there are some very pretty lines, but the situations, if humorous, are somewhat trite and labored. "A Pageant for Independence Day" (Stevens and Goodman), in which the Town Crier fills up the historical gaps and stimulates patriotic fervor after the fashion of Chorus in "Henry V," offers much more illumination and much less buncombe than most of the ordinary exercises for that occasion. "Dust of the Road," a one-act play by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, is a little work of notable simplicity and effectiveness and most potent moral, founded upon the legend that on Christmas Eve in every year Judas Iscariot has the chance of redeeming one sinner in extenuation of his great offence. It handles a delicate subject with tact. "Ryland," a one-act comedy in which Messrs. Stevens and Goodman are again joint authors, illustrates the closing scene in the life of William Wynne Ryland, the famous English engraver, who was executed for forgery, where the bitterness of death is enhanced by Angelica Kauffman's disavowal of the passion which he supposed her to entertain for him. It is a cruel and somewhat morbid little piece, but is composed with skill and written with insight. Taken altogether, these productions constitute a record of considerable ability and indicate an artistic impetus in Chicago which New York may well envy.

"The song of songs," according to Julia Culp, is Beethoven's "Adelaide." "One must stand breathless before its loftiness, its grandeur, its nobility of sentiments. Such a song for *bel canto*, too! I am thrilled every time I sing it," she remarked to Walter Kramer of *Musical America*. Beethoven himself, she may or may not know, was quite ashamed of this song after he had reached his years of artistic discretion and would have been glad if he could have destroyed all the copies of it in existence.

New Yorkers are not permitted to hear "Carmen" as often as they should. It is a curious state of affairs, because everybody else likes Bizet's opera. In Germany it is even more popular than any of Wagner's works. In the list of last year's performances throughout the empire Strauss's "Rose Cavalier" naturally comes first, with 126 repetitions. (Judging by the fate of its predecessors, it will have about fifty next year.) "Carmen" comes second, with 426 performances; "Lohengrin" third, with 394. Fourth in popularity was "Mignon," which was heard oftener even than "Tannhäuser." The Germans like French opera. In New York "Mignon" has not been sung since the days of Conried.

Zurich celebrated the Wagner centenary by an open-air performance of the folk-festival scene in the third act of "Die Meistersinger." It was near that Swiss city that Wagner lived and composed during a part of the "Tristan" period.

Whatever the public and the critics may think of the professional cacophonist, Arnold Schönberg, some of his colleagues seem to admire him. Richard Strauss and Ferruccio Busoni are two of the judges (the conductor, Bruno Walter, being the third) who gave him the Gustav Mahler prize. This prize was established in memory of Mahler a few years ago. It represents the interest on the sum of 55,000 crowns, which is to be assigned annually to some composer, and amounts to perhaps $350. It may be worth noting that Strauss and Busoni have this in common with Schönberg, that whenever they are at a loss

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what to say they perpetrate a crashing discord. As Goethe would have put it:

Denn immer wo Ideen fehlen
Da stellt zur rechten Zeit die Dissonanz sich ein.

"Festival Prelude" is the title of Richard Strauss's latest composition. It was composed by request to be performed at the opening of the new Konzerthaus in Vienna.

Art

PERSIAN MANUSCRIPTS.

Lovers of art and students of literature and history will find much to interest them in a collection of Persian manuscripts recently presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York by Mr. Alexander Smith Cochran, of Yonkers.

Mr. Cochran's interest in Persia was first aroused by a journey he made through that country six years ago in company with a friend who had long been a student of subjects relating to Iran. Some time after his return to New York he enriched the Museum by the gift of an extremely rare Persian rug which now may be seen displayed in one of the galleries, not far from the Morgan collection of paintings. His present donation fills four large cases occupying the greater part of the Persian room that adjoins the latter collection. It comprises a group of twenty-four manuscripts, some of which are in certain respects unique.

Persian illuminated manuscripts are growing rarer every year, as connoisseurs and collectors well know, and are ever increasing in value because of the exquisite miniatures with which the finer ones are adorned. In this realm and in the line of artistic embellishment, Persia was able, four and five centuries ago, to produce specimens of art that have never been equalled elsewhere in their particular way. The Persian scribes, moreover, were unrivalled masters of calligraphy, because the art of beautiful handwriting was cultivated as one of the highest of refined accomplishments. The bindings likewise in which the Persians chose to clothe the works of their best writers were often masterpieces of workmanship.

It is true that for a time Persia had to borrow from China certain elements, including grace of line and other features which were to be developed further with subtle skill by Mongol artists in Transoxiania and Turkistan; but she made these all her special property in the realm of art. She was prepared in turn to hand to Mughal India her refined gifts which made the artists at the courts of the Emperors Akbar, Jahangir, Shah Jahan, and Aurangzib the greatest portrait miniaturists of the world. The studies of such scholars as the French critics Blochet and Huart, the German authority Sarre, the Scandinavian Martin, whose standard work on the "Miniature Paintings of Persia, India, and Turkey," was published a few months ago in two splendid volumes, render possible a truer judgment of the worth of the present fine collection.

From the standpoint of literature, before turning to the artistic side of the collection, it may be noted that this valuable body of codexes represents the works of the greatest Persian classics. There are five different manuscripts of the famous epic poet Firdausi, who flourished at the date 1000 A. D.; six codexes contain the entire works of Nizami, or parts of the writings of that celebrated romantic poet of Persia who died about the year 1203. Next Rumi (1207-1275), renowned above all in the East as the Persian mystic poet, is represented by a volume copied two centuries after his death and well worthy of note. Then Sa'di (about 1194-1291 A. D.), the centenarian poet and moralist whose name is certainly the best known in the Orient, outside of his country, claims two other fine illustrated and illuminated codexes. The Indo-Persian poet, Amir Khusrau of Delhi, who won well-deserved fame in Hindustan in the thirteenth century through his new castings of Nizami's romantic types, is seen in a beautiful little book, dating from the time of the last of the Mughal Emperors, and bearing witness, by its exquisite paintings and finish, to the fact that the few Westerners who may have paid a visit to his tomb near Delhi can best appreciate the reverence in which this Persian-Indian minstrel was held.

The list is not yet exhausted. Persia's far-famed lyrist Hafiz, in the fifteenth century, one of the great musical bards in all literature, has five hundred and more odes incorporated in a small codex, delicately outlined by ornamental flowerets and adorned by small miniatures to illustrate the subjects. The works of Jami, the last classic poet of Persia, the year of whose death corresponds with the date of the discovery of America, are here in four manuscripts, one of which is peculiarly valuable, as it belongs to Jami's own lifetime.

Outside the realm of Persian works, there are two very rare illuminated and illustrated manuscripts in the Jaghatai Turkish, or language of Eastern Turkistan. They both contain lyric works of the laureate-minister and poet-statesman Nawai, who died in 1501, after a renowned career at the court of Herat in Afghanistan prior to the foundation of the Empire of the Mughals in Hindustan. His fame lasts through his poetry, and one of the copies here presented was transcribed a year or two before his death. We can imagine the interest which it had for courtier friends.

No collection belonging to the Muslim realm of Persia, Central Asia, and the adjacent domains would be complete without a fine copy of the Quran. The oldest manuscript in the Cochran collection is a specially valuable specimen of the Mohammedan Scriptures, dated June 29, 1427, which was transcribed by the hand of Tamerlane's grandson, Ibrahim Sultan, son of Shah Rukh, and brother of Baisunghar, the famous royal bibliophile. To illustrate the Sacred Word by pictures would be against the spirit of Islam, but exquisite ornamentation might be lent to the text itself in the form of chaste embellishment, especially to grace a copy of the Quran transcribed by a prince's hand. Not only that, but this copy descended through the line of the Great Mughals till it reached Aurangzib, the last of these famous emperors in India. He was then a prince in his nineteenth year, and had not yet sat upon the throne. On the back of the last left, Aurangzib records the history of the copy and the date when he made the memorandum of his reading it, in 1638 A. D., two centuries after the manuscript had been transcribed. The court gilder embellished the pages with ornamental gold around his handwriting.

A remarkably precious manuscript of the Haft Paikar of Nizami, containing a romantic epopee on the subject of the Sasanian King, Bahram Gur ("that Great Hunter"), who reigned in the fifth century of our era, furnishes not only a cherished transcript of a masterwork, but formed a gift fit for a king, as it was presented to Akbar the Great by a grandee, whom he had appointed to be Governor in the Panjab. A regal memorandum in a painted medallion on the first page records that it was offered as a special tribute to his Majesty. The year of the gift was 1580, at which time we know that Akbar was at Lahore in the Panjab. The imperial seal and other memoranda attest the fact, and prove the royal ownership; and we know from court records that the works of Nizami were among the Emperor's favorite reading. The volume descended to his grandson, Shah Jahan the Magnificent, as shown by an official signet. But the manuscript has an additional value and interest, as it contains five rare miniatures by Bahzad, the most famous of all Persian painters, whose death occurred about fifty years before. The miniatures are all genuine, as each is signed in the authentic minute handwriting of Bahzad, so fine, as was characteristic of him, that a microscope is needed to decipher the name.

The artistic value of the collection has been indicated already, and we may be sure that books which formed part of the libraries of Oriental potentates and emperors, as shown by seals and memoranda, were choice copies. The fin-

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est in the entire set is a magnificent manuscript of the works of Nizami, transcribed by the famous calligraphist Sultan Muhammad Nur, who completed the transcript in the year 1525. This superb codex, which is sumptuously embellished, came from the library of the Safavid Kings of Persia and was among the treasures of the later Shahs. It is written on heavy gold-frosted paper, with a different marginal color to distinguish each of the five long romantic poems, and is encased in the original flap-cover, which is a specimen of rare beauty in the way of binding. But beauteous above all are the fifteen miniatures with which it is adorned. They are from the brush of Mirak, the celebrated pupil of Bahzad, and most famous of all the Persian artists after his master. Regarding this manuscript Dr. Martin writes in terms of the highest praise, when he says: "It is second to none of the same period; there are certainly larger ones in existence, but none of finer quality with such a profusion of architecture and such charming coloring." The views of the seven different palaces in which Prince Bahram Gur visits the seven princesses, his wives from the seven realms of the world, are particularly notable. Of the artistic treatment of these themes Dr. W. R. Valentiner, of the Museum, says:

> These subjects, which demand a different color scheme for each miniature to correspond with the different colors of the palaces, black, yellow, green, and so forth, have always been among the favorite problems of the Persian painters, but never has higher decorative value been given to these manuscripts than by Mirak in this Nizami, in which the hue of the walls in the different palaces is the motive upon which is built up an exquisite symphony of color.

There are points of art to admire in other manuscripts of the set. We may note, for example, the expression of the faces, so remarkably caught in miniature, in a seventeenth-century copy of a Persian classic, Sa'di's *Bustan*, or "Garden of Perfume," which belonged to the library of Shah Jahan and of his son, Aurangzib. The borders of its pages, with extra-decorated insets, are unusually ornate; and it is interesting to observe from the well-worn condition of this copy, with its sixteen official seal-impressions and memoranda, how extensively it was read.

Another manuscript of special value, and more than a hundred and fifty years older than the preceding, as its date is not far from 1465, is one of the four copies of Jami's poems in this collection transcribed a quarter of a century before his death. It is a *Diwan*, or select volume of his lyric and mystic verses, and, besides being richly illuminated, is adorned with sixteen beautiful miniatures, which show strongly the influence of Mongol art, and are important for a study of painting at the time.

The art of calligraphy by the side of miniature painting may be illustrated by another copy of Jami, transcribed by the illustrious penman Mir Ali, in 1523 and 1524; also by the poems of Nawai, copied in 1500 by the hand of the renowned Ali Mashadi.

Imperfect as is this account, it would be still more lacking if some notice were not taken of a special variety of art, shown by five of the manuscripts, in portraying scenes from Firdausi's Shah Namah, Persia's great national epic, composed nearly a thousand years ago. Students of literature are familiar with the tragic episode of Suhrab and Rustam through Matthew Arnold's adaptation of the story in which the unknown heroic son is unwittingly slain in single combat by his warrior father, Rustam. Art connoisseurs will scan with interest the delineations of this fearful scene as drawn by the different artists. Nor will any critic of the brush fail to overlook, among other miniatures, one by Aqa Nuyan in a later seventeenth-century Shah Namah. In it the artist depicts the grief of King Faridun, who, somewhat after the manner of Gorboduc or distantly like Lear, has divided his realm among his three sons; and, in consequence of the bloody internecine strife that arose among them, receives on a golden salver the head of his youngest and best beloved, slain by the elder brothers. Only a great miniaturist could so perfectly convey the poet's conception of a parent's heart-rending sorrow.

Allusion has previously been made to a lovely little manuscript bound in red leather, of the Delhi poet, Amir Khusrau, as an example of Indian-Persian miniature art. It dates from the time of the last of the famous Mughal emperors, Aurangzib, the hero of Dryden's drama. His grandsire, Jahangir, "the Great Mogul," boasted a knowledge of technique in art that could distinguish if a different brush gave the concluding finish to an eyebrow in a portrait. The delicacy of touch in the miniatures of this particular manuscript bears witness to the nonpareil of workmanship attained by the several artists of Aurangzib's court who have affixed their signatures to the paintings.

A concluding paragraph must suffice to bring to notice a series of single-page paintings, most of them not drawn from manuscripts, but specially prepared as examples of art. Among those from India, during the Mughal period, may be mentioned the fine portrait of the Emperor Jahangir; another in which he is depicted as reverently paying his respects to a pious dervish; still a third represents in splendid style his son, Shah Jahan, mounted on horseback. Dr. Martin chose two of these to be among the six which he selected for reproduction in colored plates in his second volume. The Cochran set contains some thirty other single-sheet paintings, but enough has been said to show the importance of this artistic, literary, and historic collection.

A descriptive catalogue is preparing for publication by Prof. A. V. Williams Jackson and Dr. Abraham Yohannan, and will soon appear. A. V. W. J.

"Perspective" (Van Nostrand), as the author, Ben. J. Lubschez, says, is intended for the struggling student who is endeavoring to better himself by hard study, and who yearns, not for the knowledge of the science and theory of perspective, but rather for the ability to make a perspective drawing. For such purpose he thinks it best to use what he calls the "laboratory method," attempting to teach the student first to make a perspective drawing, and then to "study its grammar and rhetoric."

Robert-Louis-Mary Carrier-Belleuse, the noted French painter and sculptor, died in Paris on Sunday. He was a chevalier of the Legion of Honor and had done much decorative work in France and the United States. He was sixty-five years old.

Finance

"PSYCHOLOGICAL MARKETS."

At a certain stage in any prolonged movement on the Stock Exchange, whether up or down, the situation passes under the control of psychological, rather than financial or industrial, influences. Facts and coolly-matured conclusions cease to govern the course of the market, or the attitude of individuals in regard to it. Such considerations are replaced by the free play of imagination. That condition comes about not unnaturally, at such times, for the reason that logical inference from the facts has failed to affect the market.

In an excited rise, the sober critics will have shown, by appeal to commonsense and to the ordinary grounds of judgment, that prices are absurdly high, that all possible good news has been overdiscounted, and that no sensible investor should buy stocks under the circumstances. But the market goes on rising, nevertheless — sometimes through mere momentum from the preceding advance, sometimes because of a frenzy of speculation—and the Wall Street community thereupon concludes, either that powerful forces, wholly overlooked, are at work advancing prices, or else that some occult influence, never before encountered, is under the market. That was the story of 1901, for instance, or of 1905 or 1906.

When, on the other hand, in a prolonged and disheartening decline, conservative judges have begun to warn

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the market that the fall has already gone unreasonably far, that prices of good stocks are absurdly low, and that all possible bad news has been overdiscounted, and when the market still goes on declining, a similar resort to play of imagination follows, and in the opposite direction. Wall Street cuts loose entirely from sober reasoning, and gives itself up to the two alternative suppositions—either that something of which no one has ever thought is threatening the country, or else that some malign power, which nothing can resist, has ranged itself against the market. At such times, imaginative Wall Street, and the imaginative Congressional hunters of the Money Devil, come fairly close together in their superstitions.

But the very fact that sentiment and imagination have at such times become the paramount influences in a market means that actual news and real events will no longer be judged in their correct proportions. For good or evil, as the case may be, their importance will be judged in accordance with Wall Street's own hysterical condition. This was the case on two noteworthy occasions in the past week; the outcome was the best possible test of the character of the market.

After the close of the Stock Exchange on Monday, June 9, the Supreme Court's decision of the Minnesota rate cases was handed down. It was not a sweeping decision for either party to the suits. The State Commission's lowered maximum rates were not pronounced unconstitutional, on the railways' ground that they impeded interstate commerce. But there were two important reservations—one, that Congress might at its will extend the Federal power over traffic within a State; the other, more vaguely intimated, that the case might have had a somewhat different aspect if the Interstate Commerce Commission, an arm of the Federal Government, had joined in the suit against this State, as it did in another pending suit, against the State of Texas.

Both these reservations embodied an advance towards the railways' chief desire; the orderly and harmonious regulation of both State and interstate rates. In all other respects, the Minnesota rate decision left the situation exactly where it had been before—certainly no worse. Yet the overnight news of the decision was made the effective cause for an all but panicky break on the Stock Exchange, which spread uneasiness over the whole community. The truth was, the market was in a mood to fall.

After the Stock Exchange had closed on Wednesday, another overnight announcement came. It was the Treasury's declaration that it stood ready, if the banks desired, to issue the "emergency banknote currency" provided by the Aldrich-Vreeland act of 1908. The announcement was in point of fact perfunctory. No likelihood existed that any bank would ask for such facilities. There was not any shortage of circulating medium, and, unless in such historic money hoarding as that of 1907, no shortage could arise which would make possible the use of banknote issues, taxed by the Government as they would be under the Aldrich-Vreeland act, according to length of time outstanding, from 5 to 10 per cent.

Furthermore, there had never been the slightest doubt that, if any real emergency had arisen, a request by the banks, in accordance with the law, would have met with the Treasury's approval. Yet this routine announcement from the Treasury had the result of turning the next day's stock market into a wild stampede of rising prices, in the course of which Wall Street people metaphorically shook hands again, and assured one another that the worst was over.

It may have been "over," or it may not. That question would be hard to answer, unless one were to know exactly what was "the worst." If it was the state of mind which prevailed in the stock markets of Tuesday and Wednesday, when the presumption was that a decline with no determinable check or end was under way, the verdict of the Wall Street community was correct. Perhaps the chief result of the week's extraordinary market, in which the extremes of unfounded inference have been run, will turn out to have been some restoration of mental equilibrium—as a result of which future occurrences, whether financial, industrial, agricultural, political, or judicial, will be measured with more attention to their actual significance.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Angellotti, M. P. Harlette. Century Co. 75 cents net.
Armstrong, Walter. Lawrence. Scribner.
Austen, Jane: Her Life and Letters. Dutton. $3 net.
Baldwin, R. L., and Newton, E. W. Standard Song Classics. Boston: Ginn.
Barbé, L. A. In Byways of Scottish History. Scribner.
Bell, J. J. Courtin' Christina. Doran. $1 net.
Bennett, A. The Old Adam. Doran. $1.35 net.
British Flowering Plants. Drawings in Water-Colour by Mrs. Henry Perrin; notes and introduction by G. S. Boulger. London: Quaritch.
Bricon, Étienne. Micheline Quinette. Deuxième édition. Paris: Librairie Plon.
Bureau of American Ethnology. Twenty-eighth annual report to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, 1906-1907. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Burns, W. J. The Masked War. Doran. $1.50 net.
Campbell, H. R. Is it Enough? A Romance of Musical Life. Harper. $1 net.
Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Year Book for 1912. Washington.
Cawein, Madison. The Republic: A Little Book of Homespun Verse. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $1 net.
Colvin, D. L. The Bicameral Principle in the New York Legislature. Columbia University Bookstore. $1.
Congreve, A. E. The One Maid Book of Cookery. Dutton. $1 net.
Cory, C. B. Descriptions of Twenty-eight New Species and Subspecies of Neotropical Birds. Chicago: Field Museum.
Danckaerts, Jasper. Journal (1679-1680). Scribner. $3 net.
Dautremer, Joseph. Burma Under British Rule. Trans. with intro. by Sir George Scott. Scribner.
Dejeans, Elizabeth. The House of Thane. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Denison, G. T. A History of Cavalry. Second edition. Macmillan. $2.75.
Ellis, J. B. The Little Fiddler of the Ozarks. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.25 net.
Elson, W. H. Primary School Reader. Book Four. Chicago: Scott, Foresman. 45 cents.
Ewer, W. B. Prince Charming: A Play. Second edition. Middletown, N. Y.: Hanford & Horton Co.
Galt, John. The Entail. (World's Classics.) Frowde.
Harker, L. A. The Ffolliots of Redmarley. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Harris, Frank. Unpath'd Waters. Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Jenkins, E. H. The Hardy Flower Book. Scribner.
Johnston, G. H. Scottish Heraldry Made Easy. Second edition. Scribner.
Kenyon, A. M., and Ingold, L. Trigonometry. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Kerschensteiner, Georg. The Idea of the Industrial School. Trans. from the German by R. Pintner. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Knight, A. E., and Step, E. Popular Botany: The Living Plant from Seed to Fruit. 2 vols. Holt.
Külpe, Oswald. The Philosophy of the Present in Germany. Trans. from the fifth German edition, by M. L. and G. T. W. Patrick. Macmillan. $1 net.
Laird & Lee's Webster's New Standard Dictionary. De Luxe Presentation Edition. Chicago. $3.50.
Laut, A. C. Through Our Unknown Southwest. McBride, Nast. $2 net.
McCarthy, J. H. Calling the Tune. Doran. $1.25 net.
McLaughlin, R. W. Caleb Matthews: An Idyl of the Maine Coast. Eaton & Mains. 35 cents net.
Myers, W. T. The Relations of Latin and English during the Age of Milton. Charlottesville: Univ. of Virginia.
Osgood, W. H. New Peruvian Mammals. Chicago: Field Museum.
Penning, L. Life and Times of Calvin. Trans. from the Dutch by B. S. Berrington. London: Kegan Paul. $3.50 net.
Pivány, Eugene. Hungarians in the American Civil War. Reprinted from "Dongo." Cleveland, O.: Dongo Pub. Co.
Popp, Adelheid. Autobiography of a Working Woman. Trans. by E. C. Harvey. Chicago: Browne & Co.
Saltus, Edgar. The Monster. Pulitzer Pub. Co.
Schmidhofer, Martin. Erstes Lesebuch für amerikanische Schulen. Boston: Heath. 40 cents.
Stopes, M. C. Plays of Old Japan. Dutton. $1.75 net.
Tolman, W. H., and Kendall, L. B. Safety: Methods for Preventing Occupational and Other Accidents. Harper. $3 net.
Travers, J. D. Travers' Golf Book. Macmillan. $2 net.
Trench, W. F. Shakespeare's Hamlet: A New Commentary. London: Smith, Elder.
Van Sickle, J. H., and Seegmiller, W. Eighth Reader. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 60 cents.
Wentworth, G., and Smith, D. E. School Algebra, Book I. Boston: Ginn. 90 cents.
Wicksteed, P. H. Dante and Aquinas. Dutton. $2 net.
Womer, P. P. The Church and the Labor Conflict. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Woods, F. A. The Influence of Monarchs. Macmillan. $2 net.
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